This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

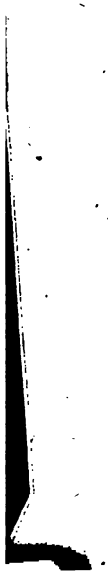
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07602663 6

NEC·AB·ORIENTE·NEC·AB·OCCIDENTE
H. Jermyn



BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. III.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

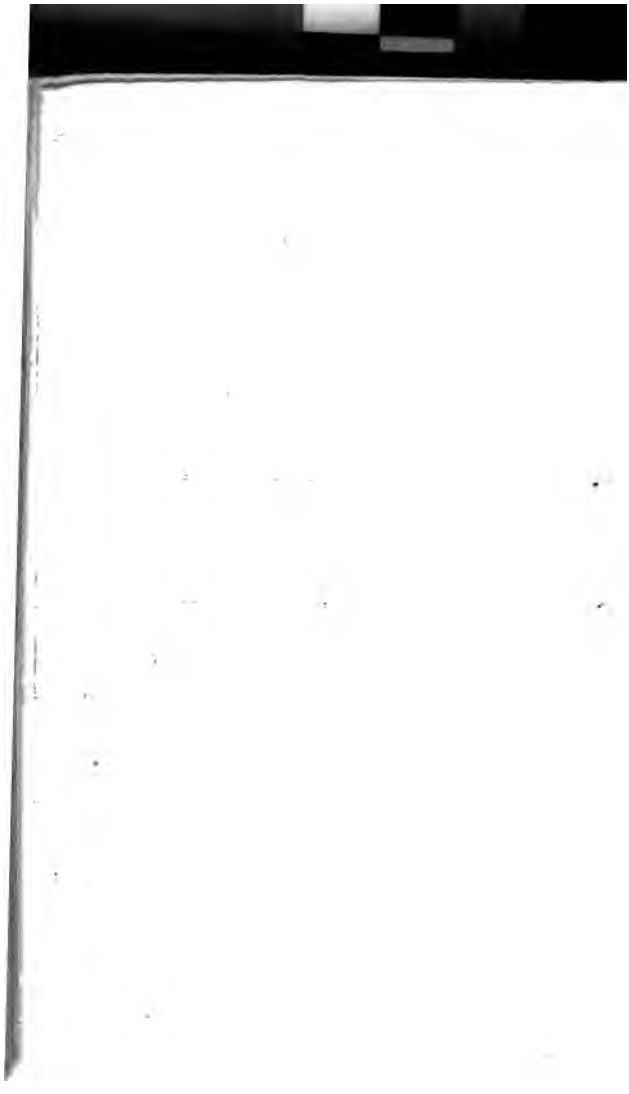
LONDON:

PRINTED BY
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.
M DCC LXXXIX.

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

EPISTLES

CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.



CONTENTS.

EPISTLES
CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.

	Page
I. On the different Styles of Poetry. To Henry Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. From Thomas Parnell, D. D.	1
II. A Prospect of Poetry. To the Earl of Orrery. By J. Dalacourt, B. A.	21
III. On Scribbling against Genius. By Edw. Rolle, B. D.	53
IV. On the Danger of writing Verse. By William Whitehead, Esq.	57
V. To Lord Melcombe. From Richard Bentley, Esq.	68
VI. To a Young Lady, with Fenton's Miscellanies. From Walter Harte, M. A.	78
VII. To J. Thomson, Esq. on his Seasons. From J. Dalacourt, B. A.	81
VIII. The Stage. To Joseph Addison, Esq. From Mr. Webster, of Christ Church, Oxford.	86
IX. The Actor. To Bonnell Thornton, Esq. By Robert Lloyd, M. A.	106
X. To the celebrated Beauties of the British Court	118
XI. The Beauties. To Mr. Eckardt, the Painter. By the Hon. Horace Walpole.	133
XII. To Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy	139
XIII. To the Hon. Miss Yorke, afterwards Lady Anson, on her copying Clovio's Portrait of Dante. From the Hon. Charles Yorke	153
XIV. On Building and Planting. To Sir James Lowther, Bart. By John Dalton, D. D.	157
XV. To a Swiss Officer, from his Friend at Rome. By J. Spence, M. A.	160
Notes on Epistles Critical and Didactic.	163

EPISTLES
CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.

EPISTLE I.

On the
DIFFERENT
STYLES OF POETRY.

TO
HENRY LORD VISC. BOLINGBROKE.
FROM THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

Vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem. Hor.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.
Hence, ye prophane: I raise the sounding string,
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

When Greece could truth in Mystic Fable shroud,
And with delight instruct the listening crowd,
An ancient Poet (Time has lost his name)
Deliver'd strains on Verse to future fame.
As he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
He felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.
Celestial Graces, in the music throng,
Fly genius, and retrieve the song

From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem rose.

" WIT is the Muse's horse, and bears on high,
The daring Rider to the Muses' sky:
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature flies.

" At first, he riseth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,
Where only weeds from heavy labor grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show.
Where couplets jingling on their accent run,
Whose Point of Epigram is sunk to Pun;
Where wings by fancy never feather'd fly,
Where lines by measure form'd in Hatchets lie;
Where Altars stand, erected Porches gape,
And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to sha
Where mean Acrostics, labor'd in a frame
On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme;
And, by confinement in their work, control
The great enlargings of the boundless soul;
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,
Then straight in Anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeserving praises too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed name
Must tell its master's character to Fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright presage)
The laboring writers of a future age

Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,
To civilize the babbling echoes there.
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
The closing sounds of all the vain device
Select by trouble frivolously nice,
Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
Can any Muse the worthless toil befriend?
Ye sacred Virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
If tricks on words acquire an endless name,
And trifles merit in the court of Fame!"

At this the Poet stood concern'd a while,
And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
Then other images of different kind,
With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
At whose approach, he felt the former gone,
And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:

"By a cold region next the Rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.
Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Styles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is Poetry defin'd;

And starv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
A little sense in many words imply,
And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever shew the passions well express'd,
Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
In measures void of every shining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,
Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,
Nor with their characters reward the brave.
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
And fail to profit while they fail to please.
Here forc'd Description is so strangely wrought,
It never stamps its image on the thought;
The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,
And rivers stop, for aught the readers care;
They see no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,
Which near the roots of ruffled waters flow,
And shake the shadows of the boughs below.
Ah, sacred Verse, replete with heavenly flame,
Such cold endeavors would invade thy name!
The writer fondly would in these survive,
Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive:
But, if Applause or Fame attend his pen,
Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."

Here seem'd the Singer touch'd at what he sung,
And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
And florish'd shrill, and thus arose again:

"Pass the next region which appears to show:
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
Possess this Realm; but common turns are there,
Which idly sportive move with childish air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little fancies in a Poem rise,
The jaded Reader every where to strike,
And move his passions every where alike.
There all the graceful Nymphs are forc'd to play
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There shaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There every star is summon'd from its sphere,
To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair:
There Cupids fling their darts in every song,
While Nature stands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
One constant object still assault the mind,
Admires no more at what 's no longer new,
And hastes to shun the persecuting view.
There bright surprizes of Poetic rage
(Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
For having lasted, last the longer still)

By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carried on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement florish'd out of sight.
There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,
And sense by differing images confound:
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
Ah, sacred Muse! from such a Realm retreat,
Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
Which something laboring in the mind control'd,
And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
While thus with Music's stronger tones he sings:

" Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat;
Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,
Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear;
And strangely stand along the tracts of air,
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
And stand elected by the public voice.
All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
At once with strange and probable design;

'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the least respect to seeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is seen
To move by Gods descending in machine.
Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies perish in tremendous sound;
Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
In such a tumult as affrights the sky;
For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his sedgy-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,
And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.
To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
And false extravagance would fain surprize;
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here:
But with compassion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the Poet's pen:
So will the Reader's eyes discern aright
The rashest sally from the noblest flight,
And find that only boast and sound agree
To seem the life and voice of majesty,
When Writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense.
Ah, sacred Verse! lest Reason quit thy seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the Singer felt his temper wrought
By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
And in himself a while collected sat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:

"Above the beauties, far above the show
In which weak Nature dresses here below,
Stands the great palace of the Bright and Fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory shine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

"Upon the first arrival here, are seen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
Whose circling shade adorn'd a Poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,
The gentle breathing of applauses flies,
And flattering sounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering sounds,
And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
The calms of solitude inspire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
And wondrous ecstasies arise within,

Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove;
Now pass to find the palace through the grove:
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The Realm you sought for; daring Rider, stay.

"Here various Fancy spreads a varied scene,
And Judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,
The building rises in the glittering air,
With just agreement fram'd in every part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

"Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the Poets rear,
And slope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odors give,
And fresh in lasting song for ever live.
The shades, for whom with such indulgent care
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
To deathless honors thus preserv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.

" Here bold Description paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is seen:
The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside;
The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
And hanging rocks repell the foaming sea;
The foaming seas their angry billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their rage, and, as they calm'v lie,
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky
The skies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
In which Description stains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the snow,
Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

" Here, on the pedestals of War and Peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,
To which Narration with a pointing hand
Directs the sight, and makes examples please
By boldly venturing to dilate in praise;
While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mien,
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,
She bids their facts in images arise,
And seem to pass before the Reader's eyes,
The words like charms inchanted motion give,

And all the Statues of the Palace live.
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,
Their leaders' speeches animate the war,
The trumpets sound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on high,
The brave press on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different shapes deforms the field.
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund Echos dally with the sound,
And Nymphs in measures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

" Here, as on circumstance Narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,
The toil of Heroes on the dusty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of Swains,
Reflection speaks: then all the Forms that rose
In life's inchanted scene themselves compose;
Whilst the grave voice, controling all the spells,
With solemn utterance, thus the Moral tells:
'So Public Worth its enemies destroys,
'Or Private Innocence itself enjoys.'

" Here all the Passions, for their greater sway,
In all the power of words themselves array;
And hence the soft Pathetic gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.
Sweet Love in numbers finds a world of darts,

And with Desirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair Hope displays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Brisk Joy with transport fills the rising strain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
Stern Courage, glittering in the sparks of Ire,
Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire.
Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
In numbers taught to represent an ill.
By frightful accents Fear produces fears;
By sad expression Sorrow melts to tears:
And dire Amazement and Despair are brought
By words of Horror through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous Passions learn to roll;
Thus, arm'd with Poetry, they win the soul.

"Pass further through the Dome, another view
Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew,
Where oft Description for the colors goes,
Which raise and animate its native shows;
Where oft Narration seeks a florid grace
To keep from sinking ere 'tis time to cease;
Where easy turns Reflection looks to find,
When Morals aim at dress to please the mind;
Where lively Figures are for use array'd,
And these an Action, those a Passion, aid.

"There modest Metaphors in order sit,
With unaffected, undisguising Wit,
That leave their own, and seek another's place,

Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,
To deck a notion faintly seen before,
And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

" By these the beauteous Similies reside,
In look more open, in design ally'd,
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
With near approaches in expression flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
And dress and practise with resembling air.
Thus Truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

" There Repetitions one another meet,
Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

" There close in order are the Questions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
And work the Reader till his mind be brought
To make its answers in the Writer's thought.
For thus the moving Passions seem to throng,
And with their quickness force the soul along;
And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail,
When every Question seems a fair appeal;
And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
In steps as equal each affects the more.

" There strange Commotion, naturally shown,
Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone,
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
The warmth of Anger dares an absent Foe;
The words of Pity speak to tears of Woe;
The Love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
And Love despairing moans to naked trees.

" There stand the new Creations of the Muse,
Poetic Persons, whom the Writers use
Whene'er a cause magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humble Provinces are seen
Transform'd to Matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their Warriors in a mournful sound,
And shew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,
While over Urns reclining Rivers moan
They should enrich a nation not their own.
'Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reason in the mind;
The heavenly Forms start forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright shapes converse with men beneath;
And, as a God in combat Valor leads,
In council Prudence as a Goddess aids.

" There Exclamations all the voice employ
In sudden flushes of Concern or Joy:
Then seem the sluices, which the Passions bound,
To burst asunder with a speechless sound;

And then with tumult and surprize they roll,
And shew the case important in the soul.

" There rising Sentences attempt to speak,
Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break:
But so the Part directs to find the rest,
That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
The sense looks large within the Reader's view:
He freely gathers all the Passion means,
And artful silence more than words explains.
Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,
And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?
Engaging Method ranges all the band,
And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:
Around the music of my lays they throng,
Ah, too deserving objects of my song!
Live, wondrous Palace, live secure of time,
To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,
And just Proportion all, and great Design,
And lively Colors, and an Air divine.

" 'Tis here that, guided by the Muses' fire,
And fill'd with sacred thought, her Friends retire,
Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
To taste repose and elevated joys,
Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.
From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,
And, as they please, the glittering objects use;

While to their Genius, more than Art, they trust,
Yet Art acknowledges their labors just.
From hence they look, from this exalted show,
To choose their subject in the world below,
And where an Hero well deserves a name,
They consecrate his acts in song to Fame;
Or, if a Science unadorn'd they find,
They smooth its look to please and teach the mind;
And where a Friendship 's generously strong,
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
Or, if the Verses must inflame Desire,
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
But, when the Temples deck'd with glory stand,
And hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,
Their bosoms kindle with Celestial Love,
And then alone they cast their eyes above.

Hail, sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses! hail!
Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know your right,
And court your rage, and envy my delight.
But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams
My course directing shoot in golden streams,
The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,
And weary'd-out the fix'd Attention lies;
Enough, my Verses, have you work'd my breast,
I'll seek the sacred Grove, and sink to rest."

No longer now the ravish'd Poet sung,
His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;

Nor o'er the music did his fingers fly,
The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke! O Favourite of the skies,
O born to gifts by which the noblest rise,
Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
Intent to business, and polite for ease;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
Hath stil'd thee Patron of a nation's cause.
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of State;
"Go, said the greatest Queen, with Oxford go,
And still the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and prosper; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never should repose."

She spake: the Patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good resign'd.
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the Poet's sweet recess retreat,
And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a Writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine,
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,
Or say, when Readers easy verse insnares,
How much the Writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images, in charming numbers set,
A sort of likeness in the soul beget,

And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through Nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh, what a sweet confusion! what surprize!
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.
Is Verse a sovereign Regent of the soul,
And fitted all its motions to control?
Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like unisons if either move?
For, when the numbers sing an eager fight,
I've heard a soldier's voice express delight;
I've seen his eyes with crowding spirits shine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,
I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand.
I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confess a flame:
Or wish success had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my first appeal,
If here the power of lines these lines reveal.
When some great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er achievements which another wrought,

And seen his courage and his honor go
Through crowding nations in triumphant show,
His soul; enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with sparkling seeds,
And courage here, and honor there, appears
In brave design that soars beyond his years,
And this a spear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
Till some fair cause have call'd him forth to fame.
Then, form'd to life on what the Poet made,
And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.
Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And shines like Hector in the present age.
Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;
And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.

Ye tender Beauties, be my witness too,
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.
With sweet experience oft a Fair may find
Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;
And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;

And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
And he 's Septimius, and his Acme she:
Thus lost in thought, her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives. — 520

EPISTLE II.

A

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

TO THE

EARL OF ORRERY.

BY JAMES DALACOURT, B. A.

WHAT various styles to different strains belong,
What time to rise, and when to sink in song;
To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,
O! born to genius, lo the Muses write;
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bid each art excell,
And smile on merit which you grace so well;
To make mankind a nobler Broghill see,
And find their long-lost Halifax in thee:
Few now remain to say who sung before,
Parnell is dead—and Addison no more!
The few remaining, Time will sweep away,
And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay;
These only left of all the tuneful choir,
Garth, Steele, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherley, and Prior;
These only left, the world's great loss declare,
And serve to shew us what those wonders were.

On you, my Lord, the Muses turn their eyes;
On Orrery the letter'd world relies;
Their ancient honors let a Boyle restore,
And be whate'er was Orrery before:
O! chief in Courts to lay the Peer aside,
Weed Vice from dignity, from titles Pride,
Great without grandeur, generous without views,
For ever bounteous, and yet ne'er profuse;
No less by nature noble than by name,
The bloom of breeding, and the flower of fame:
Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour;
Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their power?
Though from Britannia's strains, and Albion's shore,
You fly to deserts but to blaze the more;
They 'll search you out, discover where you shine,
Proclaim your worth, and frustrate your design.

So in the bloom the diamond darts its light,
Though thick encircled with surrounding night;
The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,
And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

Sage Temple writes, a spark of native fire,
Excells whatever learning can acquire;
In poetry this observation 's true,
Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue:
Such for a while may climb against the hill,
But then, like Sisyphus, are falling still;
I own, by reading we may feed the flame,
But first must have that heat from whence it came;

Else, like dry pumps whose springs their moisture mourn,
We may pour in, but will have no return;
To such, indeed, those rules are ill applied,
For such were never on the Muses side.

Come then, my friend, who like with me to rove
The flowery mountain, and the laurel grove,
Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,
And the glad Muses climb the vocal mount:
You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,
Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms;
Before you press the Sirens to your heart,
Attend a while the precepts I impart.

First let your judgment for your fancy choose
Of all the Nine the most unblemish'd Muse:
Soft yet sublime, in love yet strictly coy,
Prone to be grave, yet not averse to joy;
Where taste and candor, wit and manners meet,
Bold without bombast, daring but discreet;
Correct with spirit, musical with sense,
Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence;
First to commend when others thoughts are shown,
But always last delighted with her own.

When this is done, let Nature be your guide;
Rise in the spring, or in the river glide;
In every line consult her as you run,
And let her Naiads roll the river on:

Unless, to please our nice corrupted sense,
Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence;
Then rivers wander through the vale no more,
But boil in pipes, or spout through figur'd ore;
The neighbouring brooks their empty channel mourn,
That now enrich some artificial urn.

Thus ever suit your numbers to your theme,
And tune their cadence to the falling stream;
Or should the falling stream incline to love,
Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move:
Poor were the praise to paint a purling rill,
To make it music is the Muse's skill;
Without her voice the spring runs silent by,
Dumb are the waters, and the verses dry;
While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,
And all the fountain freezes in the song.

But if a storm must rattle through the strain,
Then let your lines grow black with gathering rain;
Through Jove's aerial hall loud thunders sound,
And the big bolt roars through the dark profound;
But should the welkin brighten to the view,
The sun breaks out, and gilds the style anew;
Color your clouds with a vermilion dye,
And let warm blushes streak the western sky;
Till evening shuts in sober suited gray,
And draws her dappled curtains o'er the day;

Let Vesper then pursue the purple light,
And lead the twinkling glories of the night;
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,
Stream through your pen, and glance along the meads:
While Zephyr softly whispers in the lines,
And pearly dew in bright description shines;
The little warblers to the trees repair,
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care;
While closing flowrets nod their painted heads,
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,
Let fancy waken with the rising day;
Let Sol's fierce coursers whirl the fiery team,
And from their nostrils blow a flood of flame:
Be sultry noon in brighter yellow drest,
And bend a rainbow on her burning breast;
Let the rich dyes in changing colors flow,
And lose themselves in one poetic glow.

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,
Dispos'd in tufts of party-color'd plumes;
The transient tincture drinks the neighbouring hue,
As if from each th' alternate colors grew,
Where every beauty 's by a former made,
And lends a lustre to the following shade.

Thus may a simile come in with grace,
And add new splendors to the showery piece;

Paint the proud arch so lively to the sight,
That every line reflects a watery light.

Hence to the garden should your fancy fly,
Let the tall tulip with your Iris vie;
With a mix'd glory crown its radiant head,
The brightest yellow ting'd with streams of red;
Next let the lily in your numbers blow,
And o'er its sweetness shake the downy snow,
In the white garb of virtue let it rise,
And wave in verse before the virgin's eyes;
On tuneful feet let languid ivy crawl,
And in poetic measure scale the wall,
While the sharp sheers return a clipping sound,
And the green leaves fall quivering to the ground.

Here in the bower of beauty newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
In Flora's cheek when first the Goddess smil'd:
Nurs'd on the bosom of the beauteous spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then arm'd his hand with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipt his shining arrows with desire:
Hence joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender pity softens into tears.

Observe, how Sappho paints the lover's pain,
What various passions animate her strain!
Her color fades, she faints in tender lays,
Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays;
Then in a rapid tide of passions tost,
Her weak tongue faulters, and her voice is lost;
Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
Again she shivers, and again she burns:
Each reader's bosom feels her various care,
Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair.

Tost, as the sea, by passions, let the soul
Like the brine sparkle, like the billows roll;
Then anger kindles in the warrior's eyes,
And earth usurps the thunder of the skies:
See how they mount upon the groaning car,
Shake the long lance, and overtake the war;
[Aloft in air resounds the whirling thong,]
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along;
The foaming coursers press upon their heels,
[Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels:]
Fleeter than light they flash along the fields,
And suns by thousands blaze upon their shields:
The twisted serpents, round their helmets roll'd,
Must hiss in verse, and bite in burnish'd gold:
The wars break in—now millions are no more,
And a long groan pursues the gushing gore;
Spears, darts, and javelins, launch along the sky,
Plunge into blood, or into shivers fly:
Thus let your heroes rage, by Mars possest,

And feel an Iliad rising in your breast;
But soon cement those wounds, let discord cease,
And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

Hence sounds in softer notes must learn to move,
And melting music rise the voice of love!
Let Tubal's lute in skilful hands appear,
And pour new numbers on the listening ear;
With the full organ let them sweetly swell,
With the loud trumpet languishingly shrill;
Or in soft concord let the concert suit,
The sprightly clarion with the Dorian flute:
Then wake to vocal airs the warbling wire,
Let the strings run beneath the poet's fire;
While sorrow sighs, ah! never let them cool,
But melt melodious on the soften'd soul:
So may the passions wait upon your hand,
Move as you move, and act as you command.

And here Arion's harp may swell the strain,
Or smooth your numbers as it smooth'd the main;
When wondering Sirens to its sounds advanc'd,
And bounding dolphins o'er the billows danc'd;
Admiring Tritons round the music play,
And angry seas in measure roll away:
A tide of rapture rose as he requir'd,
White work'd the waves, and foam'd as he inspir'd;
The billows beat upon the sounding string,
And through the hollow harp the waters ring.

As on a moon-light night, when Neptune calls
His finny coursers from their coral stalls,
From some white cliff, whose brow reflects the deep,
He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep,
The waves obey; so still a silence reigns,
That not a wrinkle curls the watery plains;
Like floating mercury the waves appear,
And the sea whitens with a heaven so clear:
Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
In long procession the caerulean train
With joy confess the sovereign of the main:
Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
When sweet Arion cross'd the watery space;
When first his fingers felt the music rise,
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.

On land Amphion swells the magic song,
And round his fingers moving mountains throng;
At every stroke he sees fair Thebes aspire,
Walls rise on walls, and temples soaring higher:
At ever stroke new wonders deck the strain,
The big creation of a poet's brain!

Hear how Timotheus wraps the soul in sounds,
And drops the notes like balm upon her wounds;
The moulded measures querulous decay,
Till a swift tremor sweeps the sounds away:
By sweet degrees again they gather near,
Recover fast, and thunder on the ear;

Down the broad brass his bold hands brush the tones,
The long string leaps, and vibrates into groans;
Let furious Saul be figur'd to thy mind,
So mad—as not to be by verse confin'd;
With music arm'd the sweet musician stands,
And o'er the golden cordage spreads his hands;
The monarch's looks are fix'd upon the strings,
And his eyes languish as young David sings;
His fury falls, as that begins to rise,
And all his soul seems starting from his eyes!

But chief the music of the spheres must please,
If sounds celestial warble in thy lays;
When the three Parcae, Fate's fair offspring born,
The world's great spindle as its axle turn;
Round which eight spheres in beauteous order run,
And as they turn revolving time is spun:
Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,
Whence revolutions date their fickle reign;
These, rob'd in white, at equal distance thron'd,
Sit o'er the spheres, and twirl the spindle round,
On each of which a Siren loudly sings,
As from the wheel the fatal thread she flings;
The Parcae answer, in the choir agree,
And all those voices make one harmony.

To Titian turn, to Raphael praises give,
Hence picture rose, and shadows seem'd to live;
On Guido look, to Rubens rear thine eye,
Where each bold figure seems a stander-by;

Trophies and triumphs by Mantegna's hand
In martial order on the canvas stand;
With hints of glory fire the warlike soul,
And bid like motions in our bosoms roll:
Here Verrio's colors glow expos'd to sight,
And sky-dipp'd pencils stream with liquid light;
Thy art, O Kneller! asks a sister's praise,
So may thy paintings beautify my lays;
Whether young blushes ripen in thy lines,
Or verdant landskips wave in green designs,
Through which the sun, emerging from the main,
In floods of purple drowns the leafy scene,
A mimic visto stretches wide between,
Where gold appears diversified with green;
Shades rise on shades, on colors colors flow,
And transient shadows undulate below.

So when Aurora mounts the rosy East,
And Light's warm blushes redden o'er her breast;
A thousand suns her orient rays unfold,
And every leaf is sprinkled o'er with gold;
The glittering spangles burn the woodland shade,
Tree, stream, and bush, in Nature's gold array'd:
The burnish'd rills in softer silver show,
And, dash'd with purple, glance their waves below;
Ten thousand shadows skim the color'd stream,
And o'er the silver shoots the crimson gleam.

Next let Prometheus boast his godlike art,
And let a wonder from his fingers start;

An angel's form by every poet sung,
Love in her looks, and music in her tongue.

So when the sun with all-enlivening ray
On Memnon's lips first strikes the golden day;
The hard flint utters melancholy sounds,
And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds.

Before Lysippus' courser neighs the steed,
And fond Pygmalion clasps his ivory maid;
Where Niobe, in beauteous sorrow shown,
Melts into tears, and hardens into stone.
Beside his chisel let Mount Athos stand,
Heave into form, and groan beneath his hand,
While on one spacious palm he pours the sea,
And his broad fingers form an ample bay;
The other grasps a wide-extended town,
Whose regal walls unnumber'd turrets crown:
Thus was this son of earth suppos'd to rise,
O'er-look the globe, and climb into the skies,
To scare the Gods with his enormous height,
A second Titan soaring out of sight.

So near proud Rhodes, across the sounding main,
The world's just wonder brav'd the winds and rain,
While round his head the rattling tempests blow,
And watery mountains break in foam below;
On Neptune's back, the proud Colossus rides,
Deaf to the roarings of the winds and tides.

There Phidias bids the breathing statue move
In living sculpture not unworthy Jove;
From age to age Cleomenes shall charm,
And his carv'd Venus future warriors warm,
In fair proportion from beholders turn,
And o'er her cheeks the blushing marble burn.

See with Silenus youthful Bacchus vie,
And the flint sparkling in his jovial eye;
Round his full temples grapes luxuriant spread,
Vine leaves, and clusters, dangle o'er his head:
On a tame tiger, taught his load to bear,
He rides in rock, and shakes his ivy spear.

There good Aurelius almost looks a groan!
And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone;—
Great Alexander weeps his ensigns furl'd,
And bids his sire create another world.

Here let thy graver through rock-diamond run,
The heaven-hued sapphire sparkle in the sun;
The wounded ruby ope its bleeding vein,
And the red streams the virgin paper stain;
Here link your jewels in a blazing string,
Let the green emerald look like smiling spring,
The yellow topaz boast a golden hue,
And slippery agate shine in veins of blue;
Let these in chrystal caskets charm the sight,
Terrestrial stars, and children of the light!

Like the rich bow athwart th' aetherial plain,
That burns in showers and fire imbibes from rain.

Now let your Muse to architecture change,
Plunge in the bath, or through the palace range,
Heave the huge mole, or bid the column rise,
Or point the obelisk to pierce the skies:
Palladio here must think in every line,
And deep Vitruvius scan the whole design;
The works of Solomon and him of Tyre
Direct the plan, and all your taste inspire:
In due proportion every pillar rear,
Nor let the orders be confounded there:
Where the Corinthian stands in fluted rows,
Let not the martial Doric interpose;
Nor, where the Tuscan lifts th' imperial urn,
Suffer the neat Ionic shaft to turn:
But chief that chaos call'd Composite shun,
Which begs from all, and yet belongs to none.

So Babel's battlements began to rise,
Left earth below, and labor'd up the skies;
The mighty bulwark threaten'd Heaven's abode,
And bade the mounting world ascend to God:
And they had now been there—but Heaven look down,
Their skills confounded, and their tower o'erthrown
Tongues, pillars, orders, to confusion turn,
And mankind disappointed seem'd to mourn.

Here Egypt's pyramids must heave sublime,
And blunt the teeth of all-decaying Time;
Beneath whose weight, the burthen'd earth must groan,
A ponderous pile in monumental stone;
Strong bars of adamant the marble lock,
And links of iron chain the solid rock;
Beneath whose summit towering eagles fly,
A pointed mountain ending in the sky.

Proud Babylon with brazen gates behold,
And proud Euphrates in her bosom roll'd;
Walls, which Semiramis with turrets crown'd,
And color'd brick with black bitumen bound;
A second Eden here Nitocris trod,
In pensile gardens worthy of a God;
So grand the costly structure hung in air,
It seem'd not built, but first created there:
Here trees and flowers in watery figures rise,
And fruitage ripen nearer to the skies;
Fair fountains fall in silver-streaming floods,
And artificial rainbows paint the clouds;
With various-color'd light the water burn'd,
Against the sun in artful arches turn'd;
Nor were the golden pipes by Sirius dried,
The river still the water-works supplied.

Here let the boaster fall from man to beast,
Eat grass with brutes, or on rude acorns feast,

Driven from his throne in dens to pass the day,
To herd with wolves, and howl the night away.

So wild Lycaon fled his own abode,
Chang'd by the vengeance of an angry God,
On shaggy feet ran howling through the plain,
And mingled nightly with the prowling train.

Here let the Muse a while delighted rest,
Pleas'd with the prospect opening in her breast;
The wide horizon and the world survey,
As through the walks her fancy loves to stray.

Invention! ah, how beautiful art thou!
I feel thy sudden inspiration now:
Thy whispers prompt me, and the pleasing strife
Of infant thought just struggling into life:
The new-born offspring longs to try its feet,
And runs through verse with voluntary heat:
This was the Nymph that did wise Numa please,
And this the Genius of great Socrates.

Like some smooth mirror, see Euphrates glide
Through Duras' plains, and spreads his bosom wide;
On whose broad surface watery landskips lie,
And bending willows shade the downward sky:
There floating forests mix'd with meadows move,
And the green glass reflects the flowers above;
Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,

And with the water seem to slide away:
In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,
And gilded barges, mix'd with grazing deer;
The huntsman sounds—the frighted shadow flies,
Thro' flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds, and skies.

Thus in a room, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex-glass;
O'er the stain'd sheet amusing shadows slide,
Clouds float in air, and ships along the tide:
In rural posture fields and oxen show,
Trees wave, streams run, and color'd blossoms glow.

'Tis thus when Spring's soft vernal blooms appear,
And throw a glory round the youthful year;
Or summer blazing o'er the heavenly blue,
When swarming insects dip their wings in dew;
In Autumn too, the same mild scene delights,
To view the water, and enjoy the nights;
Nor less loud Winter wilder bliss denies,
When Boreas bids the broad Euphrates rise:
Then peaceful images amuse no more,
But through the bridge the sounding surges roar,
Wide dashing, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore,
The distant billow seems the heavens to lave,
And the horizon stoops to drink the wave.

So the loud Euxine, whose compulsive sway
Ne'er yet knew ebb or swift reflux of sea,

Rolls on eternal, and directly beats
Against black Bosphorus' tempestuous streights;
The Dardanells behold its louring front,
Gloom the Propontic, and the Hellespont.

Now swell your style, and let the flood conform
To the rouz'd tempest, and the roaring storm;
In verse as rough let every torrent move,
Froth the vex'd waves, and curl their head above;
Let the green tide turn white with abrupt shock,
And break the salt surge on the rugged rock:
Not so where mazy rills meandering shine,
The running silver trickles through the line;
In smoother notes the whispering waters purl,
The brook falls tuneful, and the waves uncurl;
Hence images of different kinds abound,
In all the vollubility of sound,
Applied to subjects, corresponding flow,
Some loudly rough, and others sweetly low.
Hence various styles appear in war, and peace,
And every style has its peculiar grace;
In epics here a hero strides away,
And there Amyntor tunes his oaten lay,
While o'er the lawn the lambkins frisk along,
And with their bleatings fill the rural song;
Or when still evening reddens o'er the sky
It bids her blushes round the welkin fly;
In each soft cloud some color is express'd,
Till with united glories burns the West:
Then swarm the flies, the tinsel'd people run,

To bid adieu to the departing sun:
With airy music sip the milky streams,
And gild their coats in light's declining beams;
Add that at eve cool Zephyr wakes the breeze,
And sits in sighs upon the shivering trees;
Add that at eve Etesian breezes wake,
With coming gales the leaves are seen to shake,
Still trembling onward with th' approaching blast,
Till on the dimply pool it breathes at last,
Before the wind the water curls in rings,
And the fann'd ocean frowns beneath his wings:
Hence lyrics make the fields and swains rejoice,
Or elegy lifts up her mournful voice;
The buskin'd hero treads the crowded stage,
Or comic humor smiles along the page;
There Athens' friend Themistocles appears,
And Cato glorious in his country's tears;
Thy lips, Timoleon, seal thy brother's doom,
And Brutus bleeds in both his sons for Rome:
Varanes there admires the bloody sign,
Hung o'er the head of kneeling Constantine;
On Cannae's field see Paulus bath'd in gore,
And Caesar pass the Rubicon once more.

Thus he to whom the tuneful charms belong
Of sacred numbers, and harmonious song;
Whom Paean's art did at his birth inspire
With a sweet finger for the Muse's lyre;
To whom the gift of genius fate has given,
That golden blessing of indulgent heaven;

Must study music to improve his art,
And through the ear find entrance to the heart;
While art and nature equally unite,
Sound smooth the sense, and grace make wit polite.
His easy lines unlabor'd seem to flow,
Yet such that ease as pains alone bestow;
While the fond reader, charm'd with every strain,
Snatches a quill to imitate in vain.

Next it were fit that Picture claim'd his care,
A well-bred man should every science share;
From hence what beauties may not poets take?
Hence learn a verse to paint the rattling snake;
Through the gilt page he twists in color'd lines,
And round the leaf in curling volumes twines;
The reader thinks he sees the serpent slide,
And almost feels him through his fingers glide.

Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,
In Zeuxis' colors, and with Homer's fire;
Compare them both, and miss no single charm,
But let each blush in equal spirit warm:
The fine complexion let the Graces spread,
And Paestan roses paint her cheek with red,
While Venus bids her airs around her play,
And Phoebus fills her eyes with tender day.

But Thornhill's draughts shall future hints supply,
As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie;
Where round her roof a thousand colors glow,

And Britain's rivers round the cieling flow.
Here bold Description with her pencil stands,
To roll the billows over shining sands;
Strong on the eye th' inverted figures fall,
And the rich cornice sets on fire the wall:
Tame on his anchor here supports his head,
And Humber heavy with his pigs of lead;
While Avon's waters into Severn roll,
And the Tine tumbles out her mines of coal;
There in green gold the Medway seems to burn,
And pour down fishes from her foaming urn;
While silver Isis joins her husband Tame,
And in each other lose their ancient name.

In sculpture too proportion learns to please,
When every beauty swells by nice degrees;
Where by the chisel's meant the poet's pen,
That files and polishes the works of men,
Softens the rugged surface of the song,
Yet turns the feature regular and strong;
Commands the limbs in attitudes to rise,
And live and walk before the reader's eyes.

Beneath her palm hence sun-burnt Egypt's seen,
The roughen'd fret-work suits the matron's mien:
In molten ore Minerva lends her aid,
And lifts to life the rude unletter'd maid:
Rais'd by her hand Nile's daughter quits the ground,
Hardens her mummies, hears her sistrum sound,

Towers like her pyramids, sublimely bold,
And almost rises half her height in gold.

So the slack rope the dextrous dancer tries,
Poiz'd on a pole betwixt air, earth, and skies,
Walks o'er the waves of heads that roll below,
His limbs look supple, and his steps tread slow:
Beneath his foot the sturdy cable bends,
Mounts as he moves, and drops as he descends:
Back start the crowd: he, glorying in his strength,
Springs on his feet, and rises half his length.

By architecture last he lays the scheme,
And by some model bids his genius flame,
Works up the whole, and sees the building shine,
In all its parts, with conduct and design:
The poem rais'd upon so fine a plan,
The test, the wonder, and delight of man,
Will stand the shocks and injuries of time,
Built upon nature, and the true sublime.

Thus life-resembling Allegory lies
Behind a veil, remote from vulgar eyes:
Transparent veil! in hieroglyphics wrought,
Which only covers not obscures the thought;
Where silver urns express the figur'd flood,
And more is meant than first is understood;
Old Age and Time in hoary forms appear,
And proper emblems represent the year;

There oft blue Neptune for the sea is seen,
And rivers rising from their beds in green;
In golden lines th' autumnal season glows,
And winter through a blustering period blows:
Here brother twins unbar rude Fancy's gate,
Dress her wild dreams, and on the goddess wait,
Romantic dreams! from Superstition sprung,
Which Ariosto taught, and Spenser sung.
Then every grotto in its Genius spoke,
And Hamadryads from each hollow oak;
Ev'n Echo learn'd to answer to her name,
And babbled louder than the babbling stream.

Now when some rival poem you peruse,
O let not Envy blind the partial Muse!
Where merit is, esteem it as your own,
And in its triumphs let your light be shown;
Let Albion ask from whence an author came,
And judge according to the writer's name;
French, English, Irish, be alike to you,
And gladly give an Infidel his due:
Scorn that mean artifice of unjust praise,
Nor think to flatter, is to gain the bays;
Those two extremes the worthy will despise,
Who hate with reason, and with reason prize.

And yet to malice sure I 'm much oblig'd,
On every side by calumny besieg'd:
To critics much I owe, who make me mend;
And Envy I could almost call my friend;

These taught my youthful steps an early care,
To tread with caution, and proceed with fear:
Oft in my mind their black aspersions came,
And made me tremble at the love of fame;
Ev'n now I dread their jealousy and spite,
And faint in fancy every line I write.

How long before the Muses can succeed!
To please the world is now a task indeed!
All former methods vainly we pursue,
The world is old, and calls for something new;
Nothing will take with this judicious age,
But lines well labor'd, and a studied page;
Where rich variety relieves the mind,
And beams of fancy strike the critic blind;
Exalted notions which great souls contain,
Thoughts big with life, and bursting from the brain;
Surprising novelties that never tire,
But lead the reader on from fire to fire.

Avoid the harshness of discordant chime,
Sense ill atones for violated rhyme;
R R's jar untuneful o'er the quivering tongue,
And serpent S with hissings spoils the song:
When triplets like the furies join their hands,
Unlock their folds, and break their lawless bands;
Else Cerberus like the threefold monster stands.
'Tis true a triplet might succeed by chance,
And ev'n twelve feet judiciously advance;
But those experiments are fatal found,

And seldom us'd but when we call for sound:
All Alexandrines from the page expunge,
That o'er the paper take an unweildly lunge.

Compounded epithets had need be few,
But those familiar, and uncommon too;
Some oft like Janus wear a double face,
A mongrel-mixture, and a motley-race;
With those the mountains must be always bleak,
And no kind north wind stir the sleeping lake;
But ever-fanning breezes cool the morn,
And suns red-rising the grey dawn adorn.

Others to wild description turn their style,
Make storms blow gently, and black whirlwinds smile;
From each dark point the scattering clouds disperse,
And gleams of golden sun-shine gild the verse:
Without Apollo's necessary aid,
What is description? an eternal shade.
Weak eyes and judgments glaring objects strike;
Both are but dazzled and deceiv'd alike.

But above all avoid that Siren sea,
Where men of wit are often cast away;
A tempting vice, long mentioned in the schools,
The pride of coxcombs, and the food of fools:
Here vanity holds forth her flattering glass,
And self-conceit adores her swelling face;
Where rival worth in vain pretends to vie,

And every virtue lessens in her eye :
With her own lightnings oft the fair she warms,
And melts the heart of beauty by its charms ;
The dart, directed at the man of wit,
Flies wing'd with quills with which his genius writ;
The shaft that's pointed at the breast of beaus,
Is fledg'd with feathers or brocaded cloaths ;
And statesmen (who like me are least afraid)
Are caught in nets which they themselves have laid.

To charge with generous thoughts the clearest head,
Consult the living, and read o'er the dead ;
Where ancient Wisdom grows more wise with age,
And hoary seniors dignify the page ;
Time's eldest-born ! sires grey to us in fame !
The ancient's glory, but the modern's shame.
Supreme of those inspired Plato see,
A name rever'd by all antiquity :
Pride of his sect, and honor of his kind ;
A worthy Heathen, with a Christian mind,
Whose style and manner moderns like so well,
That he alone could Shaftesbury excell.

In those fam'd days of literature and taste,
Liv'd Porphyry's tutor, and Zenobia's guest!
Aurelian's dread ! endow'd with every art,
In which the two Minervas claim a part ;
Whose character survives in the sublime,
As the best judge and critic of his time.

How courtier-like gay Horace ridicules,
While he refines on Aristotle's rules,
By Pindar taught to tune th' Ausonian lyre,
With Grecian elegance, and Roman fire:
In him Alcaeus thunders once again,
Temper'd by Sappho's more harmonious strain;
While in thick fits her softer lightnings play,
Flash through the lines, and doubly gild the day.

Read Cicero; consider Plutarch well,
What man he was let Chaeronea tell:
In Arnè long this patriot pass'd his days,
Nor could Boeotian climes obscure his praise;
To him the noblest heroes lives were known,
Who studied others to improve his own.

The Mantuan swan on Mincio's margin sings;
Or o'er Cremona claps his mourning wings;
To Tyber's banks and solitudes retires,
And mid his poplars feels poetic fires:
Courts the cool osier's green refreshing bed,
Or through the willows shews his silver head;
Or sails with transport down the tuneful tide,
Sweet-warbling Vida swimming by his side:
At Naples too they tell those birds are seen,
To keep together on the haunted green;
Brundusium oft with sudden song surprise,
And warble as they journey through the skies,
To mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
And lands belov'd by Virgil long before.

See Heaven descend in Homer's aweful lines,
Where all the god and all the hero shines;
[Behind Achilles lags devouring Death,]
And the lines run the reader out of breath:
Thunders and lightnings blaze before his eyes,
Blue streams the sulphur from poetic skies!
Line after line the flood of light rolls on,
Foams to a fire, and brightens to a sun!

These are the oracles of Learning now,
Consult those books, and to those Sibyls bow;
These are the lights that call good actions forth,
Revive their value, and emblaze their worth;
By those great souls let Regulus be tried,
And the brave Decii who for freedom died!

And is there not with whom you may advise,
A friend to relish and to criticise?
One who has prov'd how hard it is to please,
Not first to blame, nor yet the last to praise;
With whose good sense an author might be free,
And whose good-nature ne'er was flattery:
When such the character, and such that shines,
The name of Lawson need not end those lines:
Such late was Parnell—oh! too slightly mourn'd,
With every Grace, with every Muse adorn'd!
By Swift belov'd, by Pope lamented most,
Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—
Yet shall he live, while Taste is kept alive,
And his lov'd Plato in his verse revive;

Yet shall he live, as long as Truth shall charm
In mystic Fable, or fair Virtue warm;
The first remember'd in our weak essays,
With honor mention'd, dignify'd with praise.

Nor let proud Albion thus her neighbours scorn,
As if her sons alone were poets born;
We too may boast ourselves the sons of fame,
Nor are we foreign to that sacred name:
Juverna's genius yet shall wear the bay,
And drink as deep of Helicon as they;
In spite of all our hopeful foes abroad,
Prevail at last, and soar into a God;
The Dunciad comes, sure omen of their fate,
And Ireland yet may be the Muses' seat.

O! could I live to see my country shine,
Our sable cliffs invite the tuneful Nine;
Those barren rocks with bays immortal smile,
And Phœbus bless his once-beloved isle:
With life itself I gladly then would part,
My country's glories throbbing at my heart.

What's to be done in this august affair?
First let us banish all our foreign ware;
Our foolish fondness for Italian lays,
And look at home for bards and better days:
Roscommon, Parnell, both, alas, are lost!
And few indeed the present times can boast:

Yet let those few be valued as they shou'd,
Here shew your taste and judgment to be good:
Judgment! that touch-stone that directs our thoughts,
That shows us all our beauties with our faults;
Sound judgment will direct us what to do,
And how to think of men and manners too;
Wit join'd with judgment gilds good sense with light,
As diamond solid, and as diamond bright!

Thus far a youthful Muse presum'd to sing,
To growing bards, upon a venturous wing:
In cloister'd shades and academic groves,
Whose peaceful glooms a musing fancy loves;
Where learned Usher bless'd the reverend pile,
And Alma's glories in her Berkeley smile;
Where sacred Brown indulg'd the thoughtful hours,
In sage recesses, and Athenian bowers:
Where Parnell wak'd the long-forgotten strain,
And old Ierne strings her harp again:
Here pleas'd to listen to the well-known sound,
And hail our mother rising from the ground;
Shake off the dust that soil'd the silent wire,
And tune once more her venerable lyre,
While green with ivy grow her aweful walls,
And from her face the Druid's mantle falls:
Along the park, beneath the quivering trees,
I walk retir'd, and court the cooling breeze,
Where the tall elms project the brownest shade,
There oft the Muses wander through the glade;

There oft I follow beauty with surprise,
And drink sweet numbers from inspiring eyes;
With eager steps I cross the verdant stage,
And soon transplant them to my borrow'd page;
Each maid I meet I set her graces down,
Hence critics say those thoughts are not my own.

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,
To praise with prudence, and address with art;
Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
Where compliments should indirectly hit;
From different subjects take their sudden rise,
And, least expected, cause the more surprise:
"For none have been with admiration read,
"But who, beside their learning, were well bred."
Such suit all tastes, on every tongue remain,
Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain;
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
These call, my Lord, for an uncommon hand;
To turn the finer features of the soul,
To paint the passions sparkling as they roll:
The power of numbers, the superior art,
To wind the springs that move the beating heart;
With living words to fire the blood to rage,
Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page;
This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse,
From no unworthy, nor ungrateful Muse;
A Muse as yet unblemish'd, as unknown,

Who scorns all flattery, and who envies none;
Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
Who found no patron, and who lost no name;
Indifferent what the world may think her due,
Whose friends are many, though her years are few.

EPISTLE III.

ON

SCRIBBLING AGAINST GENIUS.

BY EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

No single rule 's more frequently enjoin'd
Than this; " Observe the bias of your mind."
However just by every one confess'd,
There's not a rule more frequently transgress'd;
For mortals, to their int'rest blind, pursue
The thing they like, not that they're fit to do.

This Verro's fault, by frequent praises fir'd,
He several parts had try'd, in each admir'd.
That Verro was not ev'ry way complete,
'Twas long unknown, and might have been so yet:
But music-mad, th' unhappy man pursu'd
That only thing heav'n meant he never should;
And thus his proper road to fame neglected,
He 's ridicul'd for that he but affected.
Would men but act from nature's secret call,
Or only, where that fails, not act at all:
If not their skill, they'd shew at least good sense,—
They'd get no fame—nor would they give offence.

Not that where some one merit is deny'd,
Men must be every way unqualify'd; —
Nor hold we, like that wrong-concluding wight,
A man can't fish—because he could not write.
View all the world around: each man design'd
And furnish'd for some fav'rite part you find.
That, sometimes low: yet this, so small a gift,
Proves nature did not turn him quite adrift.
The phlegmatic, dull, aukward, thick, gross-witted,
Have all some clumsy work for which they're fitted.
'Twas never known, in men a perfect void,
Ev'n I and Tibbald might be well employ'd;
Would we our poverty of parts survey,
And follow as our genius led the way.

What then? obedient to that turn of mind
Should men jog on to one dull path confin'd;
From that small circle never dare depart,
To strike at large, and snatch a grace from art?
At least with care forbidden paths pursue?
Who quits the road, should keep it still in view:
From genius some few 'scapes may be allow'd;
But ever keep within its neighbourhood.

But Cibber, faithless to his bias see,
With giant-sin opposing heav'n's decree.
Still fond where he should not, he blunders on
With all that haste fools make to be undone:
Want of success his passion but augments; —
Like eunuchs rage of love, from impotence.

'Mongst all the instances of genius crost,
The rhyming tribe are those who err the most.
Each piddling wretch who hath but common sense,
Or thinks he hath, to verse shall make pretence;
Why not? 'tis their diversion, and 'twere hard
If men of their estates should be debarr'd.
Thus wealth with them gives every thing beside:
As people worth so much are qualify'd:
They've all the requisites for writing fit,
All but that one—some little share of wit.
Give way, ye friends, nor with fond pray'rs proceed
To stop the progress of a pen full speed.
'Tis heav'n, incens'd by some prodigious crime,
Thus for mens sins determines them to rhyme.
Bad men, no doubt; perhaps 'tis vengeance due
For shrines they've plunder'd, or some wretch they slew.
Whate'er it be, sure grievous is th' offence,
And grievous is (heaven knows!) its recompence.
At once in want of rhyme, and want of rest;
Plagues to themselves, and to mankind a jest:
Seduc'd by empty forms of false delight—
Such, in some men, their deadly lust to write!

Ev'n I, whose genius seems as much forgot,
(Mine when I write, as your's when you do not;)
Who gravely thus can others' faults condemn,
Myself allowing, what I blame in them;
With no pretence to Phoebus' aid divine,
Nor the least int'rest in the tuneful Nine,

With all the guilt of impotence in view,
Griev'd for past sins, but yet committing new;
Whate'er the wits may say, or wise may think,
Am fooling every way with pen and ink.
When all who wish me best, begin t' advise,
'That being witty, is not being wise;
'That if the voice of int'rest might be heard,
'For one who wears a gown,—would be preferr'd'—
Incorrigibly deaf, I feign a yawn;
And mock their just conclusions, ere they're drawn.

If to my practice, they oppos'd my theme;
And pointed, how I swam against the stream:
With all the rancor of a bard in rage,
I'd quote 'em half the writers of the age;
Who in a wrath of verse, with all their might
Write on, howe'er unqualify'd to write.

EPISTLE IV.

ON

THE DANGER

OF

WRITING VERSE.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

> Quae porterunt umquàm satis expurgare cicutae,
> Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus? Hor.

You ask me, Sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occasion tempts the Muse abroad?
Why, when retirement sooths this idle art,
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?

'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say
Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the small diff'rence, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too strong desire;
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,
That rouze the critic, but escape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,
You pass, and smile, and still provoke the Muse.

Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excursions in a summer sky,
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits,
But wits, once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,
May oft rise vig'rous, though he 's oft o'erthrown;
One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall,
By all we're courted, or we're shun'd by all.

Will it avail, that unmatur'd by years,
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd, my riper lays must bear
The wise man's censure, and the vain man's sneer?
Or, still more hard, ev'n where he 's valu'd most,
The man must suffer, if the poet's lost;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts, for having fail'd in one.
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage;
'Tis powerful reason holds the streighten'd rein,
While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.

But grant, for once, th' officious Muse has shed
Her gentlest influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding Fame
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.
And see! distinguish'd from the crowd he moves,

Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd attention listens whilst he sings!

O blissful state, O more than human joy!
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can know,
Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;
No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wintry store,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reserv'd?—his sense is so refin'd,
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; He courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright aukwardness in him is pride.
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;

Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure.

One fatal rock on which good authors split
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
What's born in leisure men of leisure read;
And half of those have some peculiar whim
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

Besides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.
Fix'd to one side, like Homer's gods, we fight,
These always wrong, and those for ever right.
And would you choose to see your friend, resign'd
Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreadful skill
The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill?
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?
To vice's grave, or folly's bust bequeath
The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath?
Like Egypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,
And people with earth's pests th' offended skies?

The Muse of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew:
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
No drooping Muse her slighted labors mourn'd;
But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,
By sages honor'd and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song:
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
No Varus listens whilst the groves resound.
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,
Forget the poet's use; the powerful spell
Of magic verse, which SIDNEY paints so well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples giv'n
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by heav'n.

But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
The times of fable and of flights are past.
To glory now no laurel'd suppliants bend,
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.
Yet ye, who still the Muse's charms admire,
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,

Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
" 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of Time."
Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by Fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumor catch it as it falls; —
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost!

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream
Consign'd to Phoebus, catch the favor'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise.
'Tis there the Muse's friends true laurels wear,
There Egypt's monarch reigns, and great Augustus there.

Patrons of arts must live 'till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay. —
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Somers' name.
And, spite of party rage, and human flaws,
And British liberty and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of ANNA's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.

But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?
Shall the same cause, which prompts the chatt'ring jay
To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labors and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?

Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And though from heaven it came, fast dies the sacred fire.
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course,
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame?
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?
Well pleas'd to shine, through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?

Ill-fated bard! where-e'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs:
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And gray experience counts each folly past,
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest Paeans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his part.

He, only he, should haunt the Muse's grove,
Whom youth might reverence and grey hairs approve
Whose heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder roll'd
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would PLATO change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;
Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,
And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field,
Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
Though music charm in every labor'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
BAVIUS might blush, and QUARLES disdain to own.

Should some MACHAON, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
Ease the swoln breast, or close the languid eye;
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
And arm with poisons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
The more than BORGIA of a bleeding land!
And is less guilty he, whose shameles page
Not to the present bounds its subtile rage,
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themselves alone such bards confine
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;

Profan'd by them, the Muse's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,
And must we paint them ere we close the scene?
Say, must the Muse th' unwilling task pursue,
And to compleat her dangers mention you?
Yes you, my friend, and those whose kind regard
With partial fondness views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.——Ah! kindly cease to raise
Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.
Just to itself the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; or give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.

Behold th' Athenian sage, whose piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily lab'rinths of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all those evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
And dar'd to censure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,
Or bloom'd our BRITAIN with ATHENIAN worth:
Would the brave foe th' imperfect work engage
With honest freedom, not with partial rage,

What just productions might the world surprize!
What other POPES, what other MAROS rise!

But since by foes, or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;
Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;
Since Bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
And party feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace, and sweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

EPISTLE V.

TO

LORD MELCOMBE.

FROM

RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

I've often thought, my Lord, the thing now true,
Said by Lord Bute, but what I've learn'd from you:
"We shall lose poetry:" In this alone
Too short,—he might have added, "Wit is gone."

How came this prime delight of man thus lessen'd
From its full orb down to a thumb-nail crescent?
With me the case admits not of a doubt!
The fact is, poesy itself's worn out.
To you, my Lord, this notion I submit,
Who knew and help'd to make this age of wit,
Mix'd with those demi-gods in verse and prose,
Congreves, and Addisons, and Garths, and Rowes,
Heroes of giant limb, and high renown,
Whose deeds we wonder at, and hide our own;
Whom but to copy in their idle fits,
Would break the backs of puny modern wits.

To set this matter in the clearest light,
And be myself th' example while I write,
Let us, my Lord, if so it may avail,
And you have patience for a long detail,
Give the Earl's sentence a poetic turn;
Let it run thus: "See all Parnassus mourn,
"Mute ev'ry muse, see George's praise unsung,
"Their laurels scatter'd, and their lyres unstrung,
"Apollo veils with mists his beamy head,
"Nay, Aganippe murmurs something sad."
Say, will this stile, my Lord, go down or no,
Glib as it did two thousand years ago?
I fancy scarce, and favor'd, if it pass
From a raw school-boy in the second class:
The reason then why no disgust it drew,
Was, that it might be Truth, for aught they knew.
Those early ages no mistrust had shewn,
Ready their faith, their manners roughly hewn,
And while both Reason and Suspicion doz'd,
Priest, Poet, Prophet, Patriot, impos'd.

With all that either broach'd, the world content,
Believ'd still farther than they could invent,
All irrealities came forth reveal'd
By pow'rful Fancy into fact congeal'd.
Then Poetry had elbow-room enough,
And not restrain'd, as now, for want of stuff;
The great abyss of Fable open stood,
And nothing solid rose above the flood.

A new Religion spreading ev'ry where,
The stock of Poetry fell under par;
For Oracles grew dumb, as men grew wise,
None saw for those, who saw with their own eyes.
To waste her leaves no more the sybil chooses,
They and her tripod serve for other uses.
No more the Jesuit prompts her what to tell;
For to say Middleton and Fontenelle.

But the new doctrines being found too pure,
Some able doctors undertook its cure;
It serv'd no purposes but saving sinners,
They added that by which themselves were winners;
Ghosts, Devil, Witches, Conjurors, in flocks
Came, like a new subscription, to the stocks;
And Poetry, enlarg'd with a new range,
Began to shew her head again in Change.

The world grown old, its youthful follies past,
Reason assumes her reign, tho' late, at last.
By slow degrees, and laboring up the hill,
Step after step, yet seeming to stand still,
She wins her way, wherever she advances;
Satyr no more, nor Fawn, nor Dryad dances.
The groves, tho' trembling to a natural breeze,
Dismiss their horrors, and shew nought but trees.
Before her, Nonsense, Superstition fly;
We burn no Witch, let her be e'er so dry;

A woman now may live, tho' past her prime,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Bankrupt of deities, with all their train,
And set to work without his tools in vain,
Not genius-crampt (but what can genius do
When it's tied down to one and one make two?)
How can poor Poet stir? In such a case
We must do something to supply their place.

See, at his beck, all Nouns renouncing sense,
Start into persons of some consequence.
Proud of new being, tread poetic ground,
And aggregate their attributes around;
These he may use of right, as his own growth,
In all the rest confin'd to sober Truth.

To bless a nation, see Charlotta come,
'Twas Anson, and not Neptune, brought her home.
A single Nereid stirr'd not from below,
The duce a conch did e'er one Triton blow;
But, in revenge she plough'd her subject main,
With every virtue 'tending in her train.
Hark, 'tis a people's universal voice,
That bless, while they approve their Sov'reign's choice.

On such a theme, my Lord, might one extend
Far as one would, nor strictest Truth offend,

'Twere only proper epithets to find,
To every grace of person and of mind;
With decent dress, and emblem to improve
All that can merit our esteem and love.
But then to Poetry where 's the pretence?
Locke and Sir Isaac write not plainer sense,
From the first ages down to modern time,
Derive the pleasing stream of verse and rhime,
However vast from its first source it rose,
Th' inverted river dwindles as it flows.

Thus from the lunar hills some other Nile,
Swoln with new stores from snows that melt the while,
Stretches his current on to fiercer suns,
And glads a thousand nations as he runs,
Till having reach'd, proud of his long career,
Those sands which belt the middle of our sphere,
Exhal'd, absorb'd, diverted, dry foot cross'd,
And, finger'd into rivulets, is lost.

Fall'n cherub; Simile! who erst divine,
Cloath'd with transcendant beauty didst outshine
Plain angel Poesy; how art thou lost!
Sunk in Oblivion's pit! from what height toss'd!

Thus to plain Narrative confin'd alone,
Figure, Description, Simile quite gone;
The whole affair evinc'd which we contend,
The thing has had its day, and there's an end.

With Milton, Epic drew its latest breath,
Since Shakspere, Tragedy puts us to death;
Th' assassin Satire sheaths the keen stiletto,
And languishes, depriv'd of the Concetto;
The age with pious eye no longer views
The great mortality of gross abuse.

Soft Elegy has dried up all her tears,
And Gray composes once in seven years;
Celia's and Delia's shine no more in song,
Nor ballad bauls the deafen'd streets along.

My Lord, a little patience further still,
To "Wit is gone," by way of codicil;
Who but will say the thing that hears me tell?—
The man mistakes—Lord Melcombe's very well,
Suppose I said—O could I! War is done,
Means it there's no such thing, as sword, or gun?
Party and Faction dead, whoever grants,
Means he that every man has what he wants?
In all these cases is implied alone,
That there 's nó object to employ them on.

A Court, my Lord, and Minister to hit,
And cry corruption, make all public wit:
'Tis on this sense my reason chiefly stands—
There may be cash enough in private hands.
Now where could Malice bite, or Envy sting,
The polish'd model of a perfect King?

Of Ministers what mighty matters tell?
They give, we know, but neither buy nor sell.

Add we to what we've said, this little more,
That all that can be wrote, is wrote before;
That pool of knowledge fish'd, poach'd, dragg'd and drain'd,
Till nothing bigger than a grig remain'd;
And painful writers think it a good day,
If they can hook a news-paper essay,
And must remain so till blank years of grace,
Suspending future writing, shall take place;
Put down our piddling, bobbing, and allow
The spawn and fry of Science time to grow.

But while we're on this subject, 'tis worth thinking,
How little salt has kept this world from stinking;
'Tis the same wit, at different times alive,
Sunk at Whitehall, to rise up at Queenhithe.

Born in whatever clime, whatever age,
We trace it first from the Athenian stage,
Where Liberty a little licence claim'd,
There, just as somewhere else, that shan't be nam'd;
Taught all her sons this fav'rite to adore,
Much for itself, because abusive more;
For every comic writer braided it,
Two threads of Scandal to one thread of Wit:
O'er all, see Aristophanes preside,

And flash his lightnings round on every side,
Struck the sham patriot, the swoln Poet wasted,
Alas! e'en Socrates himself he blasted.

What was the burst directly over head,
So loud its echo, now its fires so red,
Tho' oft thro' Time's thick cloud the trembling gleam
We only catch, but miss the vivid beam;
While half-seen thoughts, like meteors, twinkle light,
And draw their lucid trails athwart the night.

Hither, unto their fountain, other stars
Repairing, swell their own peculiars,
By tincture or reflection; Lucian hence,
His golden urn replenish'd, and long since
Rabelais from both his urinal drew full;
From him, and them, Swift crowded his close-stool.
Howe'er it came, with the strange passion stung,
To raise his choicest fruit on rankest dung;
Fully convinc'd his jessamine and rose
Smelt sweetest, planted by his little house:
Yet still some cleaner parts distinguish'd lay,
Like cherry-stones upon a child's c-c--.

The nasty lines, my Lord, demand excuse,
Happ'ly the times are free from that abuse:
Our decent manners all obsceneness flout,
And Wit is at one entrance quite shut out.

From hence, my Lord, Wit took a tour about,
Residing in few countries on his rout,
Appear'd in places, but ne'er took his seat in
One spot of earth, except Greece, France, and Britain.
The rest a single trophy only bear,
And just enough to show he had been there.
As Nature's ideot never fails to hit,
Once in his life, on some sheer strokes of Wit;
Then stoops ten thousand fathoms down behind,
Plump in his own vacuity of mind,
A like excursion never to repeat
To the warm regions of aetherial heat.
Yet when we look at home, my Lord, at best,
We find but little that will stand the test;
But then the boasted days of Charles the Second,
Unless Debauchery for Wit is reckon'd,
Most that they had appears, by looking back,
A fungus growing on their butt of sack.
E'en my good cousin Rochester's but barren,
From wholesome meat if you deduct the carrion.

In the next reigns how could it flourish much?
Bigotry, Revolution, and the Dutch,
Damp'd, like wet blankets, its aspiring flame,
And if not quite extinguish'd, kept it tame,
Till orient Anna lighted all its fires,
And the glad stars responsive tun'd their choirs;
Pity she e'er left any in the lurch,
To follow those who lighted her to church.

ıen Halifax, my Lord, as you do yet,
l forth the friend of Poetry and Wit;
ht silent Merit in its secret cell,
Heav'n, nay even man repaid him well.
, in the praise of every grateful quill,
Heav'n in him, who bears his title still;
, on a kingdom to his virtues won,
:ts the glories of our British Sun.

EPISTLE VI.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WITH FENTON's MISCELLANIES.

FROM

WALTER HARTE, M.A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humor pleases, or where passion warms:
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune, on good writers wait.
The party slave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the Bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd:
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by power,
Still search around for those they may devour;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy Wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause,
'Tis sure a scandal to with-hold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame),
Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd;
"As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud."
Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty interest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labor bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,

And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride recall,
Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall;
What though the Sisters every grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,—
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

EPISTLE VII.

TO

JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

ON HIS SEASONS.

FROM

JAMES DALACOURT, B. A.

FROM sunless worlds, where Phœbus seldom smiles,
But with his evening wheels hangs o'er our isles;
A Western Muse to worth his tribute pays,
From regions bordering on the Hebrides:
For thee the Irish harp, new strung, once more
Greets our rough rocks, and bleak Hibernian shore:
Thou, Thomson, bad'st my fingers wake the strings,
And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings;
The shades of reverend Druids hover round,
And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd bees that idly rove along,
(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song)
If the shrill brass invite them from the sky,
In dusky clusters round the music fly.

Blest Bard! with what new lustre dost thou rise,
Soft as the Season o'er the Summer skies!
Thy works a little world new-found appear,
And thou the Phœbus of a Heaven so fair;
Thee their bright sovereign all the signs allow,
And Thomson is the name for Nature now:
Thou first could'st drive the coursers of the day,
Nor through the dazzling glories lost thy way;
Thy steeds red hoofs, still trod th' eternal round,
Nor threw the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Iulus' temples, blazing bright!
In locks dishevel'd stream'd a length of light;
The prince unharm'd beheld the sparkles spread,
Nor shook the shining honors from his head.

Beneath thy touch, Description paints anew,
And the skies brighten to a purer blue;
Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,
And drown'd in redder roses Summer's seen;
While hoary Winter whitens into cold,
And Autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

In various drapery see the rolling year,
And the wild waste in sable spots appear;
O'er the black heath the bittern stalks alone,
And to the naked marshes makes his moan;
Engulph'd in bogs behold his muddy beak,
And the brown partridge feeding in the brake.

But chief the sweetest passion best you sing,
The grove's soft theme, and symphony of Spring:
How brindled lions roar with fierce desire,
And in the waters Phocae feel the fire;
There large Leviathan unwieldy raves,
And burns though circled round with all his waves.
But higher still, those wonders must give place
To the new transports of a beauteous face!
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance!
In those how strongly dost thou paint our care,
And all the darling weakness of the fair;
What thanks must Beauty give in yielding hour,
To warn them from us in the rosy bower!

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye
To thunder rumbling in the Summer sky!
Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread
O'er heaven's wide face, and wraps it round with red;
With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,
And all the glowing page is fill'd with light;
Through the rough verse the thunder hoarsly roars,
And on red wings the nimble lightning soars:
Here thy Amelia starts, and, chill'd with fears,
At every flash her eye-lids swim in tears;
What heart but beats for so divine a form,
Pale as a lily sinking in the storm!
What maid so cold to take a lover's part,
But pities Celadon with all her heart!

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,
Add sun to sun, and from thy fancy shine!
Here rocks of diamond blaze in broken ray,
And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day;
Blue shining sapphires a gay heaven unfold,
And topaz lightens like transparent gold;
Of evening tinct pale amethists are seen,
And emeralds paint their languid beams with green;
While the clear opal courts the rural sight;
And rains a shower of many-color'd light:
Your sky-dipp'd pencil adds the proper glow,
Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,
Tempers the colors shifting from each beam,
And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rainbow rise,
In braided colors o'er the watery skies,
Where drops of light alternate fall away,
And fainting gleams in gradual dies decay;
But thrown together the broad arch displays
One tide of glory! one collected blaze!

Where may those numbers find thee now retir'd?
What lawn or grove is by the Muse admir'd?
Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray,
Or in the glooms of Doddington delay:
There sweet embower'd some favorite author read,
Or breathe the breezes of thy native Tweed;
On her cool border rest reclin'd a while,

Mindful of Forbes, and of thy own Argyle?
O! thou that only in this garb could'st please,
And bring me over to commend thy lays,
Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,
And bursts like ripen'd ore above the mines:
Enjoy thy genius, glory in thy choice,
Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

EPISTLE VIII.

THE STAGE.

TO

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

FROM

MR. WEBSTER,

OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

SINCE all the din of war begins to cease,
And Britain's harrass'd sons expect a peace,
Since now her prudent senators design
To change their laurels for the Gallic vine,
To view less horrid scenes of death prepare
The painted terrors of a theatre;
Where Mars still rages in the Poet's lines,
Where the swoln flood still reeks in warlike rhymes,
Where cannons but in loud descriptions roar,
Nor wave in echoes frightful to the shore;
Where the shrill trumpet's clangor charms the ear,
And beauteous circles, without trembling, hear
The loud-mouth'd thunder of a fancied war;
If by an unfeign'd wound some hero dies,
Love shoots the guilty darts from their too murderous eyes.

Nigh where, as when on Naseby's fatal plains,
The brazen steed the royal martyr reins,
A convent once (if we may credit Fame,
And still the garden keeps its ancient name)
A convent once there stood, a structure made
To shun the world, where now the world is play'd:
How decently 'twas built, what sins t' atone,
What order fill'd the place, is yet unknown.
Perhaps the spot where now stands Powell's stage,
Where Punch chastises spouse with prompted rage,
Was then some Friar's cell, where all unseen
The pious Father fed his sacred spleen;
Nor Fiends nor Witches then were seen to fly,
While Priests and holy-water were so nigh.
No Lovers there in rhyme rehears'd their moan,
But if a sigh was heard, 'twas penitence alone.

At length the world broke-in, and now the Player
Attracts the Beau, the Critic, and the Fair;
Ev'n in the place which once the Monk possess'd
(Strange shift of scenes!) fat Dominic's the jest.

Sweet is the florish when the curtain draws,
Sweet is the crowded theatre's applause;
Sweet are the strains when billing Lovers parle,
But rough the cat-call and the Critic's snarl.
Rough was the language, unadorn'd the stage,
And mean his hero's dress in Shakspere's age:
No scepter'd Kings in royal robes were seen,
Scarce could her guard defend their tinsel'd Queen,

Scarce could the house contain the listening shoal,
Scarce had the mimic thunder room to roll;
But then wives, subjects, friends, 'tis sung, were true,
And beaux (if such in England were) were few:
Rare were their follies: this the moderns found,
And prudently, since knaves and sots abound,
Since crimes enlarge, and fopperies prevail,
Enlarg'd the stage, which ought to be their flail.
Now soars the theatre, a stately pile,
Itself an emblem of the tragic style,
Firm to its base, yet lofty to the sight,
Lofty, yet each way equal to its height,
Plain as the shepherd-nymph in russet weeds,
Yet graceful as the actresses it breeds:
Each meanest object props the main design,
Art, Nature, Use, and Ornament combine.

Here wreath'd Apollo with his heavenly lyre
Inflames the Muses with poetic fire,
Their tuneful strains the jocund Muses sing,
And tributary Bards their incense bring;
The God, with pleasing looks and crowns of bays,
Smiles on their labors, and rewards their lays.

Here have I seen (and oh the pleasing sight!)
Love, Hate, and Fury, in their truest light;
Here, when his crimes in public glar'd, I 've seen
The blushing letcher curse the babbling scene,
Whilst he whom conscious Innocence secures,
Unless when Virtue wrongs or scorn endures,

Smiles unconcern'd, as Socrates is said
T' have sat at Athens when the Clouds were play'd.
Sometimes the Tragic Muse destruction breathes,
And strews th' embattled scene with bloodless deaths;
Sometimes a merrier garb the Drama wears,
And every vice and every folly sneers.

His judgment great, and great must be his craft,
That undertakes to make his audience laugh;
'Tis not a natural ninny must be shown,
Expose the coxcomb, not the simpleton.
The barbarous wretch, that toils to ridicule
An honest, harmless, unconceited fool,
As well, with Hamlet in the play, might slave
To prove a villain is an errant knave.
When Shadwell gives his idiot clown a miss,
Gorg'd with the nauseous ass, true critics hiss,
Hiss, and with reason bid the scribbling nisy,
Go read Quintilian *de movendo risu*.

Nothing can more provoke a righteous spleen
(Like that of Collier) than an impious scene.
In Spain their martyr'd Saints (a sight preposterous)
Kneel on the stage, and sing their Pater Nosters.
This error claims the contrary extreme,
Religion is for plays too great a theme,
A theme that asks a more respected coat,
A tongue that does not only move by rote.

Let those who dare attempt the Tragic Muse,
Some standard author for their pattern choose;
The man who Nature reconciles with Art,
Who knows each pass, each folding of the heart,
Who tyrannizes o'er the soul, is he:
Such Shakspere was, such Addison will be.

Such Shakspere was indeed; for who can guard
His inmost soul, when Shakspere plies it hard?
Can he that has a child, an only child,
As Hotspur headstrong, and as Falstaff wild,
See Bolingbroke in anguish for his son,
See the king's sorrows, and forget his own?
And can that child behold Lear's good old age,
All dropping wet, come frantic on the stage,
Or hear that impious pair his daughters play'd,
Yet not his own ingratitude upbraid?
He must, he must, 'tis Shakspere reprimands;
What guilt so bold his pious pen withstands?

All hail, immortal Bard! thy Muse disarms
Each vice, and even when a slattern charms.
Thou canst celestial sentiments express,
Or necromantic rites in all their horrors dress,
So the fam'd God of Eloquence (who smil'd
On thy great birth, and chose thee for his child)
In either region's language did excell,
At once th' interpreter of Heaven and Hell.

Immortal Bard, all hail! may every Spring
Around thy tomb the Nymphs of Avon bring!
Around, ye grateful Nymphs, around him tread,
Record his beauties, and bemoan him dead.

All hail, immortal Bard! thee witlings damn,
For errors scarce enough to prove thee man:
Errors there are, for who so partial sees
The Prince of Playwrights in his Pericles?
But when the youthful Dane to raptures swells
At the sad tale his poison'd father tells;
When Caesar triumphs, when his murderers plot,
When Hecate deceives the valiant Scot;
When Fairies round the ring, when Spirits fly,
Compell'd by magic from their native sky,
I know him then, I know the Muse's shrine,
'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis Shakspere, 'tis divine.

None may attempt the next great Poet's fame,
Whilst Denham's numbers blazon Jonson's name;
'Twas he first methodis'd the Muse's rage,
To him we owe correctness on the stage:
By tracing Jonson's humorists and lays,
Even blundering Shadwell now and then can please.

Apollo thus to bend his bow, 'tis said,
Upon a senseless stone his lyre had laid;
Th' infectious harmony the marble caught,
His instrument a new one strait begot;

The stone when struck on imitating still
In feeble sounds the master godhead's skill.

Shadwell perhaps may coast along the shore,
But fears the dangerous ugly deep t' explore.
Jonson alone with wit and judgment braves
The rising storm, and quells the raging waves;
Here distant twinkling beauties rarely meet,
There 's a bright galaxy of dazzling wit.

But like the Graces, moving hand in hand,
Fletcher and Beaumont next the crown command:
The first too far presuming on his wit,
His lavish lays luxuriantly writ;
Whilst Beaumont modell'd every darling thought,
And interpos'd his beautifying blot,
Taught him to manage the Pierian steed,
Or curb him close, or urge his utmost speed.

Minerva thus, to rout the Thracian God,
In the same chariot with Tydides rode;
She wields the whip, his forward courage chides,
His fiery self and fiery coursers guides,
Now checks their haste, now thunders o'er the plain,
The Hero darts the spear, the Goddess rules the rein.

Fletcher, when fir'd with a poetic heat,
Was ever rambling after rant and wit;
'Twas then his friend, all fortify'd with rules,
Show'd him the scene could tickle none but fools.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, the guilty Poet stood,
And blush'd himself should ever think it good.

So Bacchus, when he drove his conquering car
O'er sun-burnt climes, and urg'd the Indian war,
Soon as the generous grape had reach'd his head,
His troops to many a rash adventure led;
Silenus saw the fault, by his advice
The God allay'd his rage, and cool'd his cup with ice.

Long felt the Drama an inglorious dearth,
Nor wept the Tragic Muse, nor smil'd the Comic Mirth.
At length his lyre harmonious Dryden strung,
Excell'd in both, and both alternate sung.
At first indeed he made his heroes rant,
Or quibbled Folly in his Wild Gallant:
But, as in music, when the artist long
Has try'd each note, and dwelt upon the song,
The strings become familiar to his hand,
Around his lute the Graces take their stand;
He rises in his skill, the crowd controls,
And robs his ravish'd audience of their souls.
Our Author so, when perfect in his art,
Alarm'd the brave, and seiz'd the fair-one's heart.

So Nature's workmanship, in paint display'd,
By mellowing Time more beautiful is made.

So Nature's self, whom he so well could paint,
Acts as at first she suffer'd some restraint:
The tender babe of less than pigmy size,
Wrapt up and jellying in the cradle lies,
By just degrees his little limbs dilate,
By just degrees improves his growing state,
At length he stretches to his utmost span,
And looks, and stalks, that lordly creature, Man.

But what so potent charm, what chain so strong,
Can curb or silence the malicious tongue?
Superior merit on the Laureat drew
A Blackmore, Milbourne, and a Montagu:
Angred at last, he threw his pencil down,
Nor strove again to please a thankless town.
Wrapp'd in the Prophet's robe arose his friend,
Congreve alone the Hero's bow could bend,
Congreve, his second-self, his Congreve rose,
And soars like Dryden, and like Dryden flows.

Thus did Achilles from the dusty plain
Laden with bays and injuries abstain;
But when Patroclus to the battle went,
His golden panoply the Hero lent;
And him so well the mighty arms became,
So like Achilles all his graceful frame,
Both host a-gaze the raging war suspend,
And none but Phoebus knows him from his friend.

Thy Comic Muse, and trust me, Congreve, I
With greater truth than Foresight prophecy,
Far as thy Ben can sail, or waters flow,
Receiv'd with praise thy Comic Muse shall go;
Bless her, ye Lovers, for from her the Fair
Have learnt to prize the constant in despair,
No more your sighs, no more your tears are scorn'd,
But Love for Love shall ever be return'd.

Some know the sock and some the buskin's pace,
But Congreve treads in both with equal grace:
When dress'd in widow'd weeds his Muse appears,
Who can refuse the Mourning Bride his tears?

So when Adonis dy'd, her grief became,
Well as her former mirth, the laughter-loving dame.
Long would the labor be, and vain the toil,
To sing the master-strokes of Otway's stile,
Ev'n the most loyal must his Pierre commend,
Nor can his Orphan ever want a friend.

Read Etherege, you that would appear genteel;
The friend, the father, and the mistress, Steele:
How soft the scene where Cibber paints the beau!
How manly Wycherley! how moving Rowe!
The lays how strong! how passionate the page!
When Granville's Agamemnon mounts the stage!
How loud the din when his magicians fight!
When good Urganda battles for her knight,
Spirits of air with Daemons dire engage,

Loud thunder bursts in volleys, lightnings rage,
Shoots the blue ghastly gleam across the darken'd stage.

And thou, O Addison, no more detain
The free-born Cato, struggling in his chain:
'Tis Liberty he loves, disclose thy vast design,
And let us see that every Muse is thine.
And now the Isis proudly rears her head,
See o'er her flowery lawns the Goddess tread,
Thee, Heliconian Deity, I know,
Accept the verse thy streams have taught to flow.
But hark! she claims aloud the laurel wreath,
To bind the temples of her darling Smith,
Alas! to bind his temples!—he's no more,
But wanders silent on the Stygian shore;
Long since the promis'd Bard in all his pride,
In blooming beauty, like his Phaedra died.
O were the Youth, the Youth so long deplor'd,
Like his Hippolitus to life restor'd,
Myriads of heroes should with him revive,
And in his labor'd lays triumphant live.
But hold! to sing such Poets' praise, requires
A genius great as Addison's or theirs.
Do thou, my Muse, describe the bright abodes
Of wits, of cits, of critics, beaux, and bawds,
Of venal emperors, and earthling gods.
Low lies the tribe, commanded by the box,
That damn a play, or sign it orthodox,
The pit they fill, the pit where punks patrol,

These look a luring leer, and those a gloomy scowl;
Footman and 'prentice bawl in upper air,
Bright in the middle sits enthron'd the fair.
But neither footman's ideot laugh can please,
[Nor wounds the fiercer critic's envious hiss;]
Deign but, ye circles of the fair, to smile,
Well is the Poet paid for all his labor'd style.

Now turn, and see, where, loaden with her freight,
A damsel stands, and orange-wench is hight;
See! how her charge hangs dangling by the rim,
See! how the balls blush o'er the basket-brim;
But little those she minds, the cunning belle
Has other fish to fry, and other fruit to sell:
See! how she whispers yonder youthful peer;
See! how he smiles, and lends a greedy ear.
At length 'tis done, the note o'er orange wrapt
Has reach'd the box, and lies in lady's lap;
Such Atalanta was, such golden fruit
Gain'd the fair murderess in the hot pursuit.
Poor pretty prostitute, thou kind relief
To longing Lady, and to Gallant's grief:
May that soft hand which both the boxes know,
Plump as thy orange in their service grow;
Still vend thy fruit, still give the billet right,
So may both colors in thy cheeks unite,
The fruit's vermillion, and the billet's white!

But hark, a fight! by some brisk spark indited,
It is decreed the ladies must be frighted.

I hear the soldiers and the clarions roar,
And see the battle enters at the door,
Some two distinguish'd chiefs decide the cause,
Who like true heroes bleed to gain applause.
Porters in red with brandish'd whinyard vie,
Fight as good friends, and for their living die;
Here some the sabre's blunted terrors wield,
There javelins splinter on the sun-bright shield,
Their foils clash horrible, their faulchions jar,
A harmless hubbub, and a pointless war;
Each chief submits to what his roll decrees,
Or conquers bravely, or as bravely dies.
Meanwhile with throats expansive, visage glum,
Legions of stentors trumpet, shout, and drum,
Sound an alarm, retreat, rout, rally, overcome.

So have I seen, when custard was the prize,
Whole troops of trencher-men and trainbands rise,
Like more than men with formidable pride,
Charge to the promis'd dinner up Cheapside,
Present their pieces, pop, huzza around,
And shake themselves, and shake the smoaking ground.
Say, whence their armor, whence the cask enchas'd
With beamy gems, the cuirass richly lac'd,
The waving plumage, and the burnish'd crest?
Say, whence the coat of mail, the temper'd spear?
Say, whence the hero's helm, the king's tiar,
And whence in gory robes assassin'd spectres glare?

High o'er the stage there lies a rambling frame,
Which men a garret, players the tire-room name;
Here all their stores (a merry medley) sleep,
Without distinction huddled in a heap.

Hung on the self-same peg, in union rest
Young Tarquin's trowsers and Lucretia's vest,
Whilst, without pulling coifs, Roxana lays
Close by Statira's petticoat her stays.
Hard-by a quart of bottled lightning lies,
A bowl of double use, and monstrous size;—
Now rolls it high, and rumbles in its speed,
Now drowns the weaker crack of mustard-seed.
So the true thunder, all array'd in smoak,
Lanch'd from the skies now rives the knotted oak,
And sometimes, nought the drunkard's prayers avail,
Ah! sometimes condescends to sour ale.
Near these sets up a dragon-drawn calash,
There a ghost's doublet gapes a frightful gash.
In crimson wrought the sanguine floods abound,
And seem to gutter from the streaming wound.
Here Iris bends her various-painted arch,
There pasteboard clouds in sullen order march;
Here stands a crown upon a rack, and there
A witch's broomstick by great Hector's spear;
Here stands a throne, and there the Cynic's tub,
Here Bullock's cudgel, there Alcides' club.
Beads, plumes, and spangles, in confusion rise,
Whilst rocks of Cornish diamonds reach the skies.

Crests, corselets, all the pomp of battle join,
In one effulgence, one promiscuous shine.

Hence all the Drama's decorations rise,
Hence Gods descend majestic from the skies,
Hence Playhouse Chiefs, to grace some antique tale,
Buckle their coward limbs in warlike mail.
With what an air, from this their magazine
Equipp'd, old Betterton adorn'd the scene!
Old Betterton, on whose seraphic tongue
Mirth, majesty, and fluent satire hung;
He, by Religion a Tragedian made,
Play'd virtuous parts, and liv'd the parts he play'd.
He florish'd long; and long deliberate Fate
Spar'd him, in pity to the Tragic State.
At length he fell; decay'd the Stage's pride,
The Laureat sicken'd, and the Scribbler died;
For if the first a piece consummate drew,
From him each graceful stroke receiv'd its due;
Nor could the last so bad a scene indite,
But his judicious action set it right;
Still, at the worst or best of plays, the town
With pleasure listen'd to their Betterton.

So in the senate, be it to declare
A well-concerted peace, or dreadful war,
The same delight, the same applause, is shown
By Anna's peers, when Anna mounts the throne.

With other looks, yet scarce inferior grace,
Nokes trod the stage, and shambled in his pace.
Pleasant buffoon! to what an artful screw
His wither'd chops the merry whoreson drew!
What pencil can describe his grotesque mien,
The cuckold's sneaking leer, the noncon grin,
The wire-hung limbs, sunk eyes, and peeked chin!
Thus furnish'd, thus deform'd, thus bent with age,
With feeble steps he limp'd across the stage,
There, drawing nonsense from his haggard jaws,
Dispell'd the spleen which Betterton had caus'd,
In Homer thus the slave and hero charms;
Thersites pleases, but Achilles warms.

Still may you live, immortal Actors, crown'd,
Still may your praise from pole to pole resound,
For still you live—in dust the vulgar lie,
But never must theatric heroes die;
Secure of fame, the stroke of fate they brave,
As if, by acting Death, they learn'd to mock the grave.
Whilst Shakspere's, Dryden's, Rowe's, and Otway's name,
Are sung, and florish in the book of fame;
Barry and Bracegirdle shall share their praise,
And live for ever in the Poet's lays.

Here would I settle, here my fancy raise,
And ransack Waller to complete their praise:
Powell forbids; and, with a haughty tone

Frowning, demands to have his merits known.
And great they are, and worthy to be sung;
But oh! still dwelling on their owner's tongue;
Big as the voice of war he mouths his roll,
Each accent twangs majestically full.
When Alexander dies, he gives the fair
Tortures as great as those he seems to bear;
When Oedipus rends forth his eyes, with tears
Each sorrowing beauty almost puts out hers;
When, by Hermione's disdain undone,
Distraction seizes Agamemnon's son,
With artful rattling wheeze, he draws his breath,
Seems in the very agonies of death;
He foams, he stares, he storms a madding note,
And all the Fury thunders in his throat.

A godlike air, quick eye, and accent smooth,
With all the manly graces, shine in Booth.

Bless'd with an aweful port and lordly mien,
The pleas'd spectator dreads a king in Keene.

Not so in airy Wilks; with cheerful grace,
[The careless rake sits sparkling in his face.]

Others there are, whose voice and gesture claim
In pompous verse a never-dying fame:
Others there are—but how should we describe
The various beauties of the distant tribe?
We hop'd, alas! we hop'd a nearer view,

And farther, farther still our wishes flew;
But oh! those hopes are o'er; and, grief to say,
Superior gravity has gain'd the day.
Yet tax not us, Tragedians; tax not those
Who never can be real merit's foes;
We grudge you neither refuge nor applause,
Yourselves forbid, yourselves your absence cause.
The fatal cause is fatal excellence,
'Tis your own Santlow banishes you hence;
For should she hither all her beauties bring,
Nothing but her each youthful tongue would sing;
Learning less fair would shine; and every Muse,
For brighter beauties scorn'd, her lover lose.

Should Oldfield then, the bright-eyed Oldfield join,
Her complicated charms, her form divine;
Should she, like Hector's widow, as of late,
Mourn her Astyanax's double fate;
All, all would love her like Achilles's son,
All would like him be taken, and undone.
'Tis said young Ammon, when return'd from war,
Was with an eunuch's action ta'en so far,
That, spite of royalty, he leap'd for joy,
Leap'd from his throne, and kiss'd the servile boy.
Oh could he but have seen upon the stage
Oldfield in the forsaken Lovelt rage;
Struck with the sight, the son of Libyan Jove
From admiration soon had rose to love;
A warmer kiss had given the nuptial sign,
And all Statira's conqueror been thine.

And yet, with all their beauties, all their care,
Nor Santlow, Wilks, nor Oldfield, please the fair.
Bless'd with their praise, Italian songsters thrive,
A beaver-race, that geld themselves to live.
Strange force of whimsy! that the fair should prize
A warbling vagabond whom all despise!
Ev'n to himself of old an eunuch seem'd
Worse than a beast, though now so much esteem'd;
So frogs by Frenchmen are as dainties stew'd,
And what was Egypt's plague is France's food.

How odd the fancy, how absurd the sight!
To see *that* Hercules, who in one night
Full fifty dames in heat of blood contented,
Now by a sapless gelding represented;
With greater justice from the Lydian queen,
Since dwindled from a man, he learn'd to spin.

For loftier lays, and nobler chiefs than these,
Th' ingenious Builder rais'd his edifice;
The architect, whose every work proclaims
The Terence and Vitruvius of his times;
The builder—but a noble structure's praise,
A nobler architect, commands my praise,
A Princess, who, by righteous arms abroad,
At home by fifty temples rais'd to God,
At once the French and Stygian tyrant braves,
At once the christian and the subject saves.

Ilus's niggard son, to raise his Troy,
The Gods and great Alcides did employ;
That done, ungrateful grew, nor would defray
His hero and the hireling powers their pay;
But our more pious Princess, who no less
From Heaven and Marlborough has deriv'd success,
By giving Blenheim and these piles, has given
Their just rewards to Hercules and Heaven.

EPISTLE IX.

THE ACTOR.

TO

BONNELL THORNTON, ESQ.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws;
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near:
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone;
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.
Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!

'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
When horrors such as thine have murder'd sleep:
And at the old man's look and frantic stare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool:
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.

Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor florish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes;
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look, and voice, and gesture all exprest
A kindred ardor in the player's breast;
Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man:
Profest the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.

The critic sight 'tis only grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the Hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state;
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes:
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line;
Who but allows his attitude is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell:
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.
Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene.
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labor too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honor'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust, I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humor in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labor'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear:
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart:

The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd O.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes!
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue;
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?

So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,—
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings:
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
Why should Poll Peachum shine in sattin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;—
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?

The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene,
If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakspere's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O! ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dullness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,

To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend
The decent stage, as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the mortal train;
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! tho' thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Tho' at thy beck applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the actor's share,

Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE

CELEBRATED BEAUTIES

OF THE

BRITISH COURT.

Occasioned by the Author's being suspected of writing the Poem under that title.

WHY with such freedom should the town accuse,
And charge absurd encomiums on my Muse?
Celestial objects by themselves I place,
Nor with a Cl*de a FORRESTER disgrace;
That disproportion'd piece offends the view:
No feign'd perfection should attend the true.
Whene'er my voice attempts the British Fair,
I sing the worthy, but th' unworthy spare;
Respect, when merit fails, in silence lies;
Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.
What moderate tongue would vulgar things rehearse,
Where crowds of wondrous Nymphs invite the verse?
Charmers in millions grace this happy sphere,
And every view presents a conqueror here.
Who to mean subjects can debase his quill,
And waste his scanty stock of art so ill,

Looks like the fop that courts a paltry dame,
While faultless maids contend to meet his flame.
Poets should still autumnal forms omit,
Forty gives small encouragement to wit;
The genius flags beneath so stale a theme,
And sprightly fancy sinks to heavy phlegm,
When those declining years our strains require,
And compliment supplies pretended fire;
Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,
But Beauty 's an intolerable sound:
To youth alone that heavenly grace belongs,
None but the young are fair, and truly worthy songs.

Ye Female Glories, which exalt our isle,
Vouchsafe th' auspicious influence of your smile;
To You I call, to you, ye matchless lights,
Inspire my numbers, and improve my flights;
Lest I depress your fame with languid lines,
And pay unhallow'd vows at sacred shrines.
Would you, ye Powers, but look serenely down,
I 'd soar aloft, and blazon your renown;
Then something so divine might raise my voice,
And make me scarce inferior to my choice;
What ancient story tells the world should scorn,
And every Goddess deem in glorious Britain born.

Begin, my Muse, begin with Marlborough's race:
When Valor 's sung, the Father claims the place;
And sure when Beauty's power employs our flight,
The shining Daughters challenge foremost right.

A SUNDERLAND the coldest Writer warms,
So turn'd for conquest, so compleat in charms,
There seems detraction in our highest praise,
She leaves the Muse behind, and mocks our distant lays.
Not thus Minerva, though a Goddess, shone.
O! had her eyes such dazling lustre thrown,
Thence the bold artist had inform'd his clay,
Nor sought another sun, nor fallen a vulture's prey.

Could Nature's self her own first form express,
She 'd charm the world in bright MONTHERMER's dress:
Gods! what engaging bloom sits smiling there!
How languishingly sweet her every air!
Her shape, her gesture, all the Nymph, subdues,
We look our souls away, and fate with transport choose.
Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in charms,
Rash Diomede had dropt his venturous arms;
No shameful victory the Greek had won,
But thousand wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one.

Splendor and softness in BRIDGEWATER meet,
There *mild* appears an attribute with *great*;
Such humble sweetness gives a dawn of joy,
She seems, like Heaven, unwilling to destroy.
Who would not serve, where such a victor reigns?
What freedom equal to such gentle chains?
But soon, too soon, mistaken mortals know,

Th' imagin'd bliss concludes in real woe.
So from soft breezes of the southern wind,
Uncumber'd sweets we fondly hope to find;
But soon, alas! succeeds immoderate rain,
And sadly renders all the promis'd pleasure vain.

GODOLPHIN 's form'd among the first to shine,
That other conqueror of the conquering line;
Nor pride her mien, nor art her aspect knows,
Her full renown from single Nature flows;
Rich in unpractis'd charms, she scatters chains,
And, shunning empire, certain empire gains;
Neglectful, yet secure, with arrows plays;
Unmeaning, throws, and, undesiring, slays;
She stoops to make no prize her little aim,
But emulates her fire, and conquers but for fame.

BOLTON's majestic form invades the sight
With awful wonder and sublime delight;
Here differing deities conspire our fate,
Venus and Juno; sweetness dwells with state:
High pines are emblems of her graceful size,
And bending osiers shew her humble guise.
Disease solicits her with impious care,
And too too fast her precious spirits wear,
Not thus her charms: ev'n yielding, how she reigns,
And conquers others, while herself 's in chains!
Great, yet opprest! were Virtue's image seen,
Virtue could live but equally serene;
In pain she proves the prowess of her mind,

And only when she dies deceives mankind.
Forbid it, Heaven! that Fate should ever close
Such all-commanding eyes, and plunge the world in
woes!

To SEYMOUR, daring Muse, thy numbers raise;
Muse, thy best numbers flag beneath her praise:
Lo! sweetest youth, disclaiming artful care,
Sports in her face, and revels in her air;
Briskness and innocence their powers unite,
And, next her spotless mind, her skin is white.
When radiant blushes to her cheeks repair,
(Such lovely stains become the brighter fair)
Gods! how that paint of nature tempts our eyes;
How Earth's Aurora far transcends the skies!
But her high merit checks the bold delight,
We tremble at the soul, yet riot at the sight.

When TUFTON was created, Nature took
Such care to furnish out a conquering look,
Who did not think her hoard of lustre spent,
And eyes design'd hereafter innocent?
Nor was she less extravagant in bloom,
As if she meant no future charms, and beggar'd all
her loom.

For beauteous Helen Troy in fires was seen,
The world was sacrific'd to Egypt's queen;
Behold in ASHBURNHAM a brighter dame,
But Virtue stifles such destructive flame.

Heavens! were she free from Hymen's envy'd chains,
Who would not rage with Cupid's fiercest pains?
Marriage suspends our transports, for who dare
Burn, now Hope 's fled, and tempt extreme despair?
Th' illustrious Ancients were by halves divine,
The face and mind did ne'er together shine:
Here all accomplishments are fully shown,
And every Goddess is compris'd in one;
So fair; yet fairness seems her smallest praise,
Her soul 's profuse of light, and darts immortal rays.

PIERPOINT 's in all the pomp of youth array'd,
Charming as winter's shine, or summer's shade;
Fair as descending snow, or mounting light,
Born to shame fancy, and enslave at sight:
What 's all our boasted freedom, when we gaze?
Britain's distinguish'd blessing flies, and man in chains obeys.

The graceful movement of the wife of Jove,
Th' enchanting aspect of the Queen of Love,
Minerva's skill and excellence in arts,
Apollo's rays, and Cupid's piercing darts,
Bright Hebe's youth, and chaste Diana's mind,
Softness and sweetness of the Churchill kind,
All blended in one perfect piece, would shew
PROBY's consummate image to the ravish'd view.

If breathing flowers such pleasing sweets dispense,
If light has charms, and so allures the sense,

If music's strains have that persuasive art,
O lovely VAUGHAN! how form'd to strike the heart!
Such a complexion foils the pride of May,
Such looks add splendor to the brightest day;
Such tuneful speech affords so moving sounds,
We fancy crowns in chains, and taste delight in wounds.

COLLIER 's a subject dear to British lays,
Her shape, her every feature 's wrought for praise;
What humid pearls of sorrow seem to rise,
As if she wept the ravage of her eyes!
Still, still we bleed, and no relief is gain'd,
Her killing beauty 's true, her saving pity feign'd.

Thy rhymes, oh Muse, with young LOUISA grace,
That growing wonder of the Brudenell race;
Ev'n now her charms disclose a pleasing bloom,
But promise riper sweetness yet to come;
Nature, for all her vast indulgence, fears
T' entrust perfection to those tender years,
But shortly will her choicest stores display,
And give to such a morn an answerable day.
What mighty glories shall this Fair adorn,
Allied to *Mira*, and of Richmond born;
Mira so bright to kindle Granville's fire,
How did she shine, that could such warmth inspire!
Richmond, so great to give that title fame,
And more than equal her from whom our toasting came!

To REYNOLDS, Muse, that mass of beauty, rise,
Her mien, how charming, and how bright her eyes!
From opening East less glorious lustre breaks;
How Nature's curious pencil paints her cheeks!
The Loves, mistaking her for Venus, throng,
And feasted thus continue in the wrong.
Seems she not more than numbers can express?
Seems not ev'n thought afraid to make such wonders less?
Men may with justice Nature's dealing blame,
And charge their parent with a partial aim;
Who too, too lavish to her female race,
Bestows fresh gifts, and springs new mines of grace;
But, ah! to them so sparing, deigns to raise
No hidden stores of wit to give proportion'd praise.

FARMER's a pattern for the beauteous kind,
Compos'd to please, and every way refin'd;
Obliging with reserve, and humbly great,
Though gay, yet modest, though sublime, yet sweet;
Fair without art, and graceful without pride,
By merit and descent to deathless fame allied.

Seek not the Venus star that gilds the skies,
Two brighter stars are found in WALPOLE's eyes;
Desire not Nature's wealth in fields display'd,
Far nobler stores enrich the blooming maid;
Rack not your thought to paint what 's sweetly rare,
Look but on WALPOLE's form, 'tis all familiar there.

Thee, CHETWYND, all that see thee strive to praise,
And with insatiate longings still must gaze;
Fresh springing glories every moment rise,
And in new raptures hurl us to the skies.
O! could I reach a harmony in sound,
Like the fam'd sweetness of her aspect found,
To yon bright sphere I 'd raise the glittering dame,
And with due numbers shake the pattern of her frame.

Thrice glorious NEWINGTON! how justly great!
No charms are absent, and each charm 's compleat;
All that have eyes thy beauties must confess,
All that have tongues those beauties would express;
They would—But, oh! the language scants the will,
Nature 's too strong for art, and baffles utmost skill.
Born for command, yet mov'd from public view,
As cloy'd with power, and weary'd to subdue;
To silent shades I see the victor run,
And rest beneath the virtues which she won;
Envy presumes not to disturb her there,
Envy, wherewith th' unhandsome teaze the fair.
Her shining look exalts the gazing swain,
But, oh! within he feels consuming pain.
So sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the wh

Where charming HEALE appears, she tread
spoils,
Our sex are vassals, and her own are foils;

Such a peculiar elegance of face!
So many sweetnesses! such lively grace!
Oh that becoming negligence of air!
There 's something curious in her want of care.
Here Love may with inconstancy agree,
For one 's variety, one such as she.
Captivity, so caus'd, we proudly bless,
And zealous to be slaves, nor wish our fetters less.

Attractive SQUIRE, with endless pleasure 's seen,
Oh, trifling grandeur of the Cyprian Queen!
Only three Graces form'd her highest state,
But thousand Graces on this Venus wait.
Impossible for eyes to take their fill!
There 's something eminently winning still;
A novelty of charms salutes the sight,
More sweet than blossoms, and more gay than light;
Two powerful passions, when we gaze, we prove;
Joy revels in our looks, and in our bosoms Love.

Well LANGTON's name becomes the radiant list:
Who can her praise refuse, her power resist?
Was ever nymph thus exquisitely wrought?
Seems she not almost lovely to a fault?
At once so many crowding wonders press,
Ev'n more she 'd charm us, if she charm'd us less.
Have you not seen on Anna's pompous day,
A thousand objects all profusely gay?
Such numbers only not oppress'd the sight,

Yet less variety gives full delight.
See! see! th' alternate glories of the skies
Blend in her form, and all at once surprize;
Her rosy cheek the blush of morning shews,
Her dazling eyes the mid-day sun disclose;
Her air resembles well the milky way,
There Stars unnumber'd shine, here Loves unnumber'd play.
O! why did Heaven, which thus adorn'd the fair,
And made the workmanship so much its care,
Not with soft pity temper all the rest,
And place this kind reliever in her breast?
Still poor camelions, we must live on air,
She thinks a look too much—the lover's smallest fare.

There's no way to be safe from HARTLEY's darts,
Nor light nor darkness can secure our hearts;
Both eyes and ears are traitors to repose,
Looking or listening, ends in amorous woes;
Gods! when we see we're vanquish'd by her view,
And, while we hear, her melting notes subdue.
Muse, sing the nymph that 's so compos'd for fame,
Make Heaven and Earth acquainted with her name;
Thyself, oh Nymph, to teach the Muse incline,
For there 's no perfect melody but thine;
Then she might haply boast a warbling air,
And form the song as sweet, as Nature form'd thee fair.

Reach distant MUNDY, Muse, with sounding strains,
Th' excelling maid that wastes her time in plains;
Bid her appear and bless the longing sight:
Retirement 's wrong for youth, for age 'tis right.
Say, that her presence to the world is due:
Aspects so brilliant are ordain'd for view.
The Sun, whose glory's but to match her eyes,
Flashes diffusive beams, and brightens all the skies.

Certain as Fate, and swift as feather'd darts,
Oh, WILLIAMSON! thy arrows pierce our hearts;
Once with an equal right to glory shin'd
A signal charmer of thy own bright kind;
Once—but remorseless death too quickly seiz'd
This finish'd object, that so vastly pleas'd;
No respite from concern our souls could find,
Did she not leave thee here, a wonder still behind.

Like banks adorn'd with Nature's flowery train,
ALSTON's sweet look delights th' admiring swain:
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his wishes rise,
And would regale more senses than his eyes,
But, hid in bloom, that serpent, scorn, destroys
The lover's fondest hopes, and poisons all his joys.

The DASHWOODS are a family of charms,
Each Nymph 's appointed with resistless arms,
So soft, so sweet, so artless, and so young,

Pride of the sight, and pleasure of the tongue.
Dearly we pay for such immoderate light,
Beauty 's, like Love, severely exquisite;
Our souls are wound to that excessive height,
We suffer, not enjoy, the vast delight.

Nor less renown'd in charms the HERVEYS stand:
How fair they seem! how fashion'd for command!
Each of herself might singly challenge praise,
One were a tempting task for endless lays,
Did not Another and Another shine,
Splendid alike, and equally divine,
As if imperial Beauty meant no more
To reign at large, and spread her mighty power;
But with unequal favor would confine
Her numerous treasures to that darling Line.

Can SMITH unnoted pass, so fram'd for praise?
Ev'n Britain's court grows brighter with her rays.
Oh lovely conflict of her varying hue!
Lily and Rose by grateful turns subdue.
Promiscuous charms our ravish'd senses greet,
Here April's bloom, and August's ripeness meet;
Delights, which seem but to salute the year,
Eternally reside, and florish here;
Who can express which season cheers him most?
How gay the minutes fly, when she 's the toast!

Bright as the stone, with which the glass we wound,
Inspiring as the juice, which with the glass is crown'd.

Oh, WILKINSON! who can of beauty sing,
And not an offering to thy altar bring?
Who can describe the young, the sweet, the fair,
And not thy charms, thy wondrous charms declare?
Unsullied lustre dwells upon thy face,
Nor eye can find a stain, nor fancy mend a grace.

One pleasure more, indulgent Muse, afford,
Pleasure supreme, when FORRESTER's the word!
Desert so vast commands thy utmost lays,
And sure 'tis almost impious not to praise;
Praise dare I call it, when each boldest line
Shows like weak twilight to meridian shine?
Lo! mien, complexion, features, voice, conspire,
Perfection's brands, to set the world on fire;
Oh she's all wonders! Heaven's whole excellence
Meets in her frame, and fills our every sense;
That grace, which most ennobles who can name,
Where all's divinely great, entitled all to fame?
As well the man, who travels all the day
Scorch'd with the sun, might tell the fiercest ray;
He knows the lucid author of his flames,
But with his parching heat alike he charges all the beams.

Ye numerous CHARMERS, who remain unsung,
Forgive th' unequal tribute of my tongue,
Not that your conquests fail, my strains expire,
I own your pow'rs and feel a silent fire;
No more my present raptures can pursue,
But when my Muse takes breath, I'll soar, and sing
of you.

EPISTLE XI.

THE

BEAUTIES.

TO

MR. ECKARDT,

The Painter.

BY THE HONORABLE

HORACE WALPOLE.

DESPONDING Artist, talk no more
Of Beauties of the days of yore,
Of Goddesses, renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
Where ev'ry nymph that could at most
Some single grace or feature boast,
Contributed her favorite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,
'Twas CLOE's cheeks' vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
And CUPID much too fondly press'd
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.
Antiquity how poor thy use!

A single Venus to produce!
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;
Felibien and Fresnoy declaim,
Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame,
Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
And Carlo's each Madonna face,
As if no Beauties now were made,
But Nature had forgot her trade.
'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line
From heavenly Women, styl'd divine;
They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
And what he could not taste he drew:
Think you Devotion warm'd his breast
When Carlo with such looks express'd
His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
Emotions—not, I'm sure, of zeal?
In Britain's isle observe the Fair,
And curious choose your models there;
Such patterns as shall raise your name
To rival sweet Corregio's fame:
Each single piece shall be a test,
And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jest;
Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
To bring one Goddess on the stage:
On your each canvass we 'll admire
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestic Juno shall be seen
In HARVEY's glorious aweful mien.

Where FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair;
So warm her bloom, sublime her air;
Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they shade her face:
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,
Though STANHOPE's more than Paris bless'd.
So CLEVELAND shown in warlike pride,
By Lely's pencil deify'd:
So GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands
The fairest work of Kneller's hands:
The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
In veins as rich still loves to sport:
And George's age beholds restor'd,
What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses the Trojan ne'er
Was half so puzzled to declare:
Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see!
Yet sure the true is EMILY:
Such majesty of youth and air,
Yet modest as the village fair:
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty like the glorious Sun
Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling CAPEL's beauteous look
Rich Autumn's Goddess is mistook,

With poppies and with spiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her side, in decent line,
Place charming BERKLEY, Proserpine.
Mild as a summer sea, serene,
In dimpled beauty next be seen,
AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-dispensing Fair,
Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant sun,
The new Aurora, LYTTLETON:
Such Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in ethereal colors dip'd,
In measursd dance to tuneful song
Drew the sweet Goddess, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,
The buxom Hours she fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,
In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, STRAFFORD woos the sight;
The easy shape, the piercing eye,
The snowy bosom's purity,
The unaffected gentle phrase
Of native wit in all she says;
Eckardt, for these thy art 's too faint;
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
On the young Goddess lov'd to shine,
From CARPENTER we guess, or see,
All-beauteous MANNERS, beam from thee.
How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,
With rosy hand coquetly throwing
Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing;
How blithe she look'd, let FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another Goddess of the year,
Fair Queen of Summer, see, appear;
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting bosom loosely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence every Goddess, envy smit,
Must own each Stonehouse meets in PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
How many Mortals yet remain,
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part!
Our sister Muses must describe
CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;
And JULIANA with the Nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear Resemblance gone,
Where all these beauties met in One.

Sad fate of beauty! more I see,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous Nymphs, here, Painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their sister Grace;
One, matron-like, with sober grief,
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
While t' other lovely Maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears:
The softest form, the gentlest grace,
The sweetest harmony of face;
Her snowy limbs, and artless move
Contending with the Queen of Love,
Whilst bashful Beauty shuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

EPISTLE XII.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

PRESIDENT

OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

You But preserve a Form. Pope.

'PAINTER, vain 's thy utmost art,
'To draw the Idol of my heart!
' Thy canvass never can receive
' The varied charms her features give.
' When grave, she wears the awful grace
' That reigns in regal JUNO's face;
' When on her cheeks the smiles appear,
' 'Tis VENUS' better self is there;
' And when she looks with studious eye,
' Another PALLAS we descry.

' Painter, thy pencil well may trace
' A JUNO's awful, heavenly grace;
' Upon your canvass may be seen
' Chaste Beauty's fair, imperial Queen;
' E'en Wisdom's Goddess may appear
' In all her native splendor there.
' But in my breast alone can be
' The perfect Image of the Three.'

Thus did the Muse the Art defy:
Thy pencil, eager to reply,
Dash'd on the cloth in colors warm
The semblance of MARIA's form;
And soon I saw her cheeks disclose
The lily mingled with the rose;
And soon her beaming eyes dispense
The soften'd rays of manly sense:
Her graceful form, her auburn hair,
All, all thy magic power declare.
Loose flow'd her robe upon the ground,
And many a Cupid flutter'd round.
The bending branches kindly spread
Their verdant beauties o'er her head,
And far beyond the hills arise,
And seem to mingle with the skies.
At length, in all your art array'd,
The canvass' spreading form display'd
The beauties of my charming Maid.
You shew'd the piece—I saw your pride,
And thus the wayward Muse reply'd:

'Ah happy canvass, that dost bear
'The features of my lovely Fair!
'Upon thy surface, mild and clear,
'I see my heavenly Maid appear,
'With all the glories of her face,
'Her winning smiles, and gentle grace.
'—But where's the virtue of her mind,
'Which makes her of angelic kind?

'Where is the softness of her heart,
'To pity prone, and void of art?
'These cannot on thy bosom shine—
'They 're only to be found in mine.'

Thus, Sir, the Muse pursued her song,
Nor did she mean to do you wrong!
The splendid gifts that partial Art,
By Genius aided, does impart,
She knows are thine—Thy talents bear
The marks of their united care.
But frolic Nature will outdo
The works of Art and Genius too:
Her cunning patterns render vain
The Painter's toil, the Sculptor's pain.
All of my Fair that Art could give,
Did on the glossy canvass live.

With joy the picture home I bore,
And, smiling, view'd it o'er and o'er!
And, when MARIA was away,
Gaz'd on it all the live-long day;
And hop'd that there her cheeks would bloom
In all their glow for years to come.

Oft did the tear bedew my eye,
To think that if my Love should die,
My every joy and every care
Of future life would center there.

But as I thus enraptur'd stand
Before the wonders of your hand,
I see the lively tints decay,
The vivid colors melt away;
And ere twelve fleeting months were o'er,
The lovely Charmer blush'd no more.
Her features sunk, her roses lost,
MARIA stood a pallid Ghost:
Her looks were haggard, and her eyes
Now started forth with wild surprise;
And where their lustre should appear,
The faded tints had form'd a tear.
The spreading branches lose their green,
The azure sky no more is seen,
And the far mountain's distant blue
Is clouded with a sable hue.
Upon my sight the colors fade;
No more I see my heavenly Maid;
Her form is mingled with the shade,
And seems, in one eternal moan,
To weep like NIOBE—in stone.

MARIA now, in Country Hall,
Adorns the rude, old-fashion'd wall,
And holds her venerable place
'Mid Dames and Lords of ancient race.
At her the wond'ring Rustics stare,
As at the oldest picture there:

Nor will the curious Crowd believe
That 'tis my Lady now alive.
But when the *Metzotinto*'s shewn,
They all a strong resemblance own.

Unhappy Artist, to survive
The means by which your fame should live!
And on the *Scraper*'s art rely
For hopes of immortality.

Your pencil summon'd into life,
For GARRICK's choice, the ardent strife.
I saw the sad, but stately Queen
That stalks amid the tragic scene:
Around her floats the purple stole;
The dagger and the fatal bowl
Are not unseen—and to the sky
Her finger guides th' attentive eye.
'Tis vain:——Her mad-cap Rival's leer,
With roguish look and playful sneer,
From Madam *Grave-Airs* wins the field,
And ROSCIUS yields—where all would yield.
Who would not to the covert fly
With *all-enchanting Comedy*?

But now I'm told, and fear it true,
That *Garrick*'s face is black and blue—
As if he'd run the risk of life
From jealousies of either wife;

While the fair Dames in this agree,
To be as black and blue as he.
——Time joys to see the hasty ruin,
That cost so little in undoing.
Full many an age he must employ
The works of *Raphael* to destroy;
And *Titian*'s tints his power defy
Through many a rolling century:
And e'en where Time has aim'd the blow
Art hath withstood the biting Foe.
But years or months, at his command,
Efface the labors of your hand;
Nor, when they fade, can you restore
The work to what it was before:
Your utmost genius cannot give
Health to the form, and bid it live.

I saw your daring pencil trace
The manly lines of AMHERST's face;
And as I stood, my wond'ring eyes
Beheld th' heroic Form arise.
A deep and solemn look he wore,
As if attentive to explore
Some dark design of *Britain*'s Foe,
How to prevent th' approaching blow;
To stop the Fury in its course,
Or hurl it back with triple force;
Or, what in truth so far exceeds
The highest fame of warlike deeds,

Humanely thoughtful how to save
The starving thousands from the grave.
Upon his mild, but dauntless breast,
In its pale splendor was exprest
The lustre of the silver star,
Well earn'd amid the toils of war.
At length, the final tint bestow'd,
The finish'd portrait nobly glow'd
In colors warm, and touches true,
As *Titian*'s pencil ever drew.

And must the fair resemblance fade,
Ere the great Hero's self is laid
Beneath the marble that will bear
The tribute of *Britannia*'s tear?
And when the sage, Historic pen
Shall rank him 'mong the first of men?
Forbid it, Art! But thou should'st give
The glowing oil to look and live;
And while his future offspring read
Of many a brave, heroic deed;
Of battles won, of trophies rear'd,
Of nations by his mercy spar'd;
Must their young eyes, in vain, desire
To see the likeness of their Sire,
Who British bands to triumph led,
And trod the paths they wish to tread?
Must they, in vain, the canvass trace
To catch the generous, gentle grace
That o'er the vet'ran features ran,

And mark'd the Hero and the Man?
While many a curse their lips impart,
To damn Thee and thy fleeting Art!

Lo! INFANT JOVE prepares to throw
His lightnings on the world below;
But soon the heavenly flame expires,
Chang'd to blue *Tartarean* fires,
That stench OLYMPUS' high abode,
And threat to suffocate the GOD.

REYNOLDS! I'm not to censure prone;
Your genius I most gladly own;
And wish that genius might secure
A name, that would as long endure,
As those high honors which proclaim
Immortal RAPHAEL's endless fame.
For such a fame pursue the toil,
And fix it deep in solid oil.
To Painting's highest efforts climb,
Nor fear thy fate, and laugh at Time:
In works of lasting form engage,
And be the RAPHAEL of the age.

Proceed, great Painter! nor refuse
Your subjects from the friendly Muse:
Nor can she call from ancient fame
Men of a more exalted name,
Than some whom our *Britannia* owns
Among her favorite, darling Sons.

Nor e'er did gentle Beauty move
To higher joys of virtuous love,
Than many a Fair whose charms inspire
The British Youth with chaste desire.
——And SATIRE too demands thy aid——
To make the vicious Great afraid,
To pale the glowing tints of Pride,
To urge Contrition's flowing tide,
To paint the lives of shameless Men,
She to thy pencil yields the pen.

Come, then, th' expecting cloth prepare!
Let GARRICK's self be painted there!
Not as, erewhile, in wayward mood,
Doubtful the mighty Actor stood,
And hardly knew which Dame to choose,
The *Tragic* or the *Comic* Muse.
In SHAKSPERE's Temple let him stand,
Erected by his grateful hand,
And let *Parnassian* Fingers shower
Each verdant leaf and fragrant flower;
And may the laurel's green array
The same conducting hands obey
To form a bower, where his age
May, from the turmoils of the Stage,
Enjoy that calm, sedate repose
Which conscious merit only knows.
Above, may full-wing'd *Fame* be seen,
With patient but exulting mien;

And let her pluck a verdant spray
From *Shakspere*'s never-fading bay;
And let a *Muse* the gift receive,
And into form the garland weave,
And place it on the favor'd brow
Where SHAKSPERE would the palm bestow.

Beneath let serpent Flatt'ry lour,
Bedeck'd with many a fading flower;
And let her pois'nous train appear,
To writhe in foul contortion there.

Again th' unfading tints prepare!
Great Painter! ply thy utmost care!
To ev'ry touch attention give:
Let BURKE upon the canvass live!
Let him with solemn grace appear
Before the Senate's awful chair,
As if preparing to dispense
That flood of rapid eloquence,
Which now with wond'rous sweetness charms,
Now by its nervous force alarms;
And, with a more than Wizard's art,
Commands the pulses of the heart.
Let emblems of exalted Sense,
Of Genius, Wit, and Eloquence,
Of cunning Art's collected store,
Of Erudition's hidden lore,
With careless grace, be scatter'd round,
And, where he stands, bestrew the ground.

But 'mid th' inestimable heap
Let PARTY-RAGE be laid asleep!

Now on the canvass be display'd
The figure of a weeping Maid!
Paint her thin cheeks of pallid hue;
With flooding tears those cheeks bedew;
And turn her humble, streaming eye
To the soft mercies of the Sky.
Upon her arm, with haggard mien,
Let F*x's tawny figure lean;
And, in his face, pourtray the smart
Which Conscience lashes on his heart.
Before them paint the bright abodes
Of Virtue and her kindred Gods:
Let HOPE beside the portal stand,
The anchor in her beck'ning hand,
And kindly bid the sorrowing Pair
To urge their steps, and enter there.

Your hand an harder task must try,
And change the Vet'ran to the Boy!
No more let T**D's form appear
With martial grace and hoary hair!
Let crisped curls his brow bedeck,
And hang in ringlets on his neck;
Such as around the fingers twin'd
Of panting VENUS, when reclin'd
Upon her breast ADONIS lay,
And heav'nly raptures bless'd the day!

Paint on his cheek health's crimson glow,
Let whiteness clad his youthful brow,
And give him ev'ry charm beside
Expected by a blooming Bride!

But if your pencil should refuse
The arduous task; my forward Muse
An easy subject will propose.
Time, Sir, and you have long been foes:
For once, then, take the lead of Time,
And wrinkle T**D in her prime.
For since you cannot bring his years
Back to the strength and youth of hers,
Your hand to fitness must accord,
And make her aged as her Lord.
The wrinkles on her face display,
And turn her floating tresses grey.
And give her such a form and dress
As she at fifty will possess;
Such as your pencil would have given
To FERRARS, now a Saint in Heaven.
In nuptial ties this truth I hold:
Both should be Young, or both be Old!

Again I urge the pencil's power:
Come, trace the lone monastic tower,
Whose walls, with ivy overgrown,
Echo the sad repentant moan
Of sinful souls, who glad repair
To shed their daily sorrows there;

And in a turret place the bell
That from the dark and dreary cell,
At midnight hour, breaks off the sleep
Of those who only wake to weep.
Beneath the wall's dark umbrage place,
Repentance mark'd upon her face,
Some aged and repentant Dame,
That doth the heav'nly mercies claim.
Let her before His Image bend,
Who died to be the Sinner's Friend;
And hang the cross adown her side,
Emblem of that whereon He died.
Make her eyes shed the dropping tear,
As tho' she urg'd a doubtful prayer;
And give to the repentant Nun,
The wrinkled form of H * * TON.

Thus, thus, my Friend, exert your art,
And please the eye, and mend the heart!
Uncrimson A * * R's gawdy face,
But leave her all her *share of Grace.*
To M * LB * * give her Father's spirit,
And D * * R all her Mother's merit.
Make C * * N sober, P * refin'd,
And B * * gen'rous, brave and kind.
Let them their better Natures see,
And paint them what they ought to be.

Already youthful BEDFORD's sword,
Urg'd by the valor of its Lord,

Gives, to a dragon's form, the wound
That lays the monster on the ground.
——So may he in his future Age
Quell Passion's unrelenting rage;
Or, by his sweetness, soothe to rest
The Tyrants of the human breast.

Then be yourself! nor blend your fame
With Artists of inferior name.
Do not your moral works expose
At *Royal-Academic* shows;
But thus hold forth, to mend the Town,
An exhibition all your own!

EPISTLE XIII.

TO THE

HON. MISS YORKE,

[Afterwards Lady Anson.]

ON HER COPYING CLOVIO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

FROM THE

HON. CHARLES YORKE.

FAIR Artist! well thy pencil has essay'd
To lend a poet's fame thy friendly aid;
Great DANTE's image in thy lines we trace;
And, while the Muses' train thy colors grace,
The Muse propitious on the draught shall smile,
Nor, envious, leave unsung the generous toil.

Picture and Poetry just kindred claim,
Their birth, their genius, and pursuits the same;
Daughters of Phoebus and Minerva, they
From the same sources draw the heavenly ray.
Whatever earth, or air, or ocean breeds,
Whatever luxury or weakness needs;
All forms of beauty Nature's scenes disclose,
All images inventive arts compose;

What ruder passions tear the troubled breast,
What mild affections sooth the soul to rest,
Each thought to fancy magic numbers raise,
Expressive picture to the sense conveys.
Hence in all times with social zeal conspire
Who blend the tints, and who attune the lyre.
See! in reviving Learning's infant dawn,
Ere yet its precepts from old ruins drawn,
Sham'd the mock ornaments of Gothic taste,
New Artists form'd, each Grecian bust replac'd;
Ere Leo's voice awak'd the barbarous age,
Oppress'd by monkish law and Vandal rage:
See! Dante, Petrarch, through the darkness strive,
And Giotto's pencil bid their forms survive!
When now maturer growth fair Science knew,
Titian her favor'd sons ambitious drew;
Not half so proud with princes to adorn
His tablets, as with wits less nobly born,
Ariosto, Aretine, yet better skill'd
On Letters and on Virtue Fame to build:
These in their turn instruct the willing song,
The painter's fading glories to prolong.
In later times, hear Waller's polish'd verse
The various beauties of Vandyck rehearse;
And Dryden in sublimer strains impart
To Kneller praise more lasting than his art.

Friendships like these from time receive no law,
Contracted oft with those we never saw;

In every art who court an endless fame
Through distant ages catch the sacred flame.
See Zeuxis, warm'd by Homer's rage divine,
With rapture read, and what he reads, design!
See Julio, bred on the Parnassian soil,
With Virgil's grandeur dignify his toil!
Clovio, perhaps, like aid to Dante ow'd;
Instant his figure on the canvass glow'd: —
To Dante's fame the graceful colors flow,
And wreaths of laurel bind his honor'd brow.

Thou too, whom Nature and the Muse inspire,
Listening the poet's lore hast caught his fire;
With so much spirit every feature fraught,
Clovio might own this imitated draught;
And Dante, were he conscious of the praise,
Would sing thy labors in immortal lays;
His melancholy air to gladness turn'd,
Nor longer his unthankful Florence mourn'd:
Fair Beatrice's charms would lose their force,
No more her steps o'er Heaven direct his course;
To thee the Bard would grant the nobler place,
And ask thy guidance through the paths of peace.
Oh! could my eloquence, like his, persuade
To leave the bounded walks by others made,
Through Nature's wilds bid thy free genius rove,
Copy the living race, or waving grove;
Or boldly rising with superior skill,
The work with Heroes or with Poets fill;

Then might I claim, deserv'd, the laurel crown,
My verse not quite neglected or unknown;
Then should the world thy glowing pencil see
Extend the friendship of its art, to me.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON

BUILDING AND PLANTING.

TO

SIR JAMES LOWTHER, BART.

[Of Lowther-Hall.]

BY JOHN DALTON, D.D.

WHEN stately structures Lowther grace,
Worthy the owner and the place,
Fashion will not the works direct,
But Reason be the Architect.

Ready each beauteous order stands
To execute what she commands.
The Doric grave, where weight requires,
To give his manly strength aspires;
The light Corinthian, richly gay,
Does all embellishments dipslay;
Between them see, with matron air,
The Ionic, delicately fair!

These their abundant aid will lend
To answer every structure's end.

To Building can a mode belong
But gay, or delicate, or strong?
Why search we then for orders new,
Rich in these all-comprising few,
But that the standard rules of Greece
Disdain to humor wild caprice?
They Fancy's wanton freaks control,
In every part consult the whole,
Teach Art to dress, and not disguise,
Seek lasting fame, not short surprise,
And all adornings to produce
From real or from seeming use,
The place's genius to revere,
And, as he bids, the structure rear.

Smiles he o'er fragrant Flora's bloom?
Ne'er shock him with a grotto's gloom.
Nor with smooth slender columns mock
His roughness in the rugged rock.
Nor by trim steps hand gently down,
(Like dainty dames in formal town)
The nimble Naiades, who bound—
O'er native rocks with sprightly sound.
Nor roving Dryades confine
Precisely to a single line,
Strait, circular, or serpentine.

All forms arise at Nature's call,
And use can beauty give to all.

None e'er disgust the judging mind,
When vary'd well, or well combin'd.

This Lowther's noble Planter knew,
And kept it in his constant view.
So sweetly wild his woods are strown,
Nature mistakes them for her own,
Yet all to proper soil and site
So suited, doubly they delight.
While tender plants in vales repose,
Where the mild zephyr only blows,
[Embattled firs bleak hills adorn,]
Under whose safeguard smiles the corn.
Who builds or plants, this rule should know,
From truth and use all beauties flow.

EPISTLE XV.

TO A

SWISS OFFICER,

From his

FRIEND AT ROME.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

FROM horrid mountains ever hid in snow,
And barren lands, and dreary plains below;
To you, dear Sir, my best regards I send,
The weakest reasoner, as the truest friend,
Your arguments, that vainly strive to please,
Your arts, your country, and your palaces:
What signs of Roman grandeur still remain—
Much you have said; and much have said in
Fine pageants these for slaves, to please the ey
And put the neatest dress on misery!

Bred up to slav'ry and dissembled pain,
Unhappy man! you trifle with your chain:
But should your friend with your desires com
And sell himself to Rome and slav'ry;

He could not wear his trammels with that art,
Or hide the noble anguish of his heart:
You'd soon repent the livery that you gave;
For, trust me, I should make an aukward slave.

Falsely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious swains:
Our peasants chearful to the field repair,
And can enjoy the labors of the year;
Whilst yours, beneath some tree, with mournful eyes,
Sees for his haughty lord his harvest rise:
Then silent sighs; but stops his slavish breath:
He silent sighs: for should he speak, 'tis death.
Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,
Too much for want, for luxury too small:
Whilst all Campania's rich inviting soil
Scarce knows the ploughshare, or the reaper's toil.

In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,
And aim aright the thunder of the war:
To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow;
To ward the stroke, or bear upon the foe.
Early in hardships through the woods they fly,
Nor feel the piercing frost, or wintry sky;
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,
And stretch the panting savage at their feet:
Inur'd by this, they seek a nobler war,
And shew an honest pride in every scar;
With joy the danger and the blood partake,

Whilst every wound is for their country's sake.
But you, soft warriors, forc'd into the field,
Or faintly strike, or impotently yield;
For well this universal truth you know,
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.

I envy not your arts, the Roman schools,
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inslave your souls.
May you to stone, or nerves or beauty give,
And teach the soft'ning marble how to live;
May you the passions in your colors trace,
And work up every piece with every grace;
In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wise,
And know the arts to please or to surprize;
In music's softest sound consume the day,
Sounds that would melt the warrior's soul away:
Vain efforts these, an honest fame to raise;
Your painters, and your eunuchs be your praise:
Grant us more real goods, ye heav'nly Pow'rs!
Virtue and arms, and liberty be ours.
Weak are your offers to the free and brave;
No bribe can purchase me to be a slave.
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,
The happy bounds of our Helvetian swains!
In thee, my Country, will I fix my seat;
Nor envy the poor wretch, that wou'd be great:
My life and arms I dedicate to Thee;
For, know, it is my int'rest to be free.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.

EPISTLE I.

1. The Author of this Epistle was descended the Parnells who had been long seated at ;leton in Cheshire, but on the Restoration with- to Ireland, in consequence of their adherence to Commonwealth party. In the capital of that ıom our Poet was born in 1676, and, having been ucted in the classics by Dr. Jones, was admitted Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of thirteen. ıly 1700, he took his master's degree and orders; ıbout four years after was collated by the Bishop :logher, to that archdeaconry. Prior, however, ıis period, he marrried a Miss Anne Minchin, was remarkable both for beauty and merit. By he had two sons and a daughter. The latter sur- ı him, but both the former died young. The ɔf his wife, preyed greatly on his spirits and con- ably hastened his own dissolution. Dying on ray to Ireland; at Chester, he was there buried in

Trinity church. Dr. Parnell lived in habits of intimacy with the great and the witty, and was loved and sought after by all who knew him. It appears from Swift's Journal to Stella, that our Author, who was introduced to Bolingbroke, by the Dean, adopted several of his hints for improving this Epistle.

Allegory is in itself so retired a way of writing, that it was thought proper to say something before hand concerning this Piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to shew the several styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavored to write in verse. The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian Poet couching his observations or instructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the single word Flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: here Wit is made to be Pegasus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious Styles, and arrives at last at the Sublime. This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed; but it has been thought also one of the first that the Poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at first were invented to insinuate Truth and Morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made Poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may

yet appear as an Original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity for those excellent compositions by which Writers at present form their minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere meerly to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, Poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories; and the utmost character to which a Genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongst ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from Writing without schemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will observe, that its aim is Instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the Poem is useful; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excused.

Page 2. *Where wings*, &c.] These and the like conceits of putting Poems into several shapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old Poets of most languages.

20. *And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:*]

> With such a husband, such a wife,
> With Acme and Septimius' life. COWLEY.

EPISTLE II.

Page 21. This, and the Seventh Epistle, to Thomson, were published in Dublin 1733, and reprinted in London in 1734. Commendatory Verses by W. Walsh, of the county of Clare; C. White, B. A. of Trinity College, Dublin; and R. Lloyd, B. A. of Fanstown near Charleville, accompanied them.

22. *You fly to deserts but to blaze the more*;] The coming of his Lordship to Ireland.

ibid. *Sage Temple*,——] Sir William.

30. *And all those voices make one harmony.*] This excellent allegory of Plato, intimates that all things obey the divine law, and concur to produce those effects which are the consequences of the causes that God has established.

31. ——————*Mantegna*——] Born at Padua 1431, was conspicuous for his historical pictures and skill in perspective. The best of his pieces are the Triumphs of Julius Caesar, at Hampton-Court.

32. *And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds.*] The statue of Memnon, son of Aurora, was made of stone. See Herodotus.

32. *Beside his chisel let Mount Athos stand.*] It was proposed to Alexander the Great, to turn Mount Athos into the statue of this monarch, with the ocean in a bason in one hand, and a large city in the other.

33. ——*his carv'd Venus,*——] The Venus de Medicis.

ibid. And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone;] This curious representation is on the pillar of Antonine. It exhibits Jupiter raining on the army of Marcus Aurelius, and fulminating on that of his enemies. Hence the Christian Legion was called *the thundering.*

ibid. Here let thy graver through rock-diamond run,] These lines are to be understood of antiques, arms, and cyphers, cut in precious stones. Pyrgoteles, a celebrated sculptor, hardly engraved on aught but jewels.

34. ——*him of Tyre.*] Hieram.

ibid. ——*The Tuscan lifts th' imperial urn.*] Trajan's pillar at Rome was the first of this order, the spire of which was appointed for the Emperor's ashes. See Evelyn on Architecture.

ibid. —the neat Ionic shaft——] Of this order was the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, which took up two hundred years in building. See Palladio.

36. *So wild Lycaon fled his own abode,*
Chang'd, &c.——] The story of Lycaon might possibly have been taken from that of Nebuchodonosor; for priding himself in those gardens, which he caused to be built for his Queen, who

loved the prospects of Media, he was, in the same place and moment, changed to a wild beast.

86. *This was the Nymph that did wise Numa please.*] Egeria.

89. *There Athens' friend Themistocles appears,*] See Valerius Maximus, de Pietate erga Patriam.

ibid. On Cannae's field see Paulus, &c.] Paulus Emilius.

40. *Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,*
In Zeuxis' colors, and with Homer's fire;]

Zeuxis, from the choice of five naked Virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helen, which Cicero in his book de Oratore sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty.—Julio Romano formed his taste from the study of Homer.

ibid. As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie;] See the cieling in the great hall of that Hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill.

42. *By architecture last he lays the scheme.*] Palladio lays down but five orders of architecture, and Longinus five sources of the sublime.

46. —*The best judge and critic of his time.*] Longinus.

47. ————*Consider Plutarch well.*] In his tract "Of reading the Poets."

48. *The name of Lawson,* &c.————] Lecturer on Oratory in Trinity College, Dublin.

51. "*For none have been with admiration read,*
"*But who, beside their learning, were well bred.*"]

"Essay on Translated Verse," by the Earl of Roscommon.

EPISTLE IV.

ge 57. This Epistle was first printed in the year

. *Like Egypt's priests,* &c.]

Quis nescit——quædia demens
Aegyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat.
JUVENAL. Sat. 15.

. *Fast to the thread of life,* &c.]

BACON, de augmentis Scientiarum.

l. ——*Egypt's monarch*——] Ptolemy idelphus.

. *Shall the same cause, which prompts the chatt'ring jay*
To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?] Persius.

. *Behold th' Athenian Sage,*——] Platonis logia.

EPISTLE VI.

ge 78. The writer of this Epistle, published in , "Poems on several Occasions," and "an Essay leason," before he had attained his nineteenth ; and aftewards, "an Essay on Satire, particu- the Dunciad," besides some occasional sermons. ming vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, and dis- iishing himself there as a Tutor, he was recom-

mended to the late Lord Chesterfield by Pope and Lord Lyttleton, to attend on his Son. With him he travelled, and acquitted himself so well in the discharge of his trust, that he was rewarded with a canonry of Windsor. His other Writings are, "the History of Gustavus Adolphus;" (——an uncouth jumble of excellent materials——) "a Treatise on Agriculture," and a volume of Poems, entitled "the Amaranth." He died at Bath in 1773.

79. "*As thy own goddess*————] Fenton's Epistle to Southerne.

ibid. Like Vinci's strokes,————] Leonardi de Vinci.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 86. Of this Epistle the Author has given the follow account.—This poem was written last Summer [1712], upon the following occasion: the Spectator's account of the "Distressed Mother" had raised the author's expectation to so high a pitch, that he made an excursion from college to see that tragedy acted, and upon his return was commanded by the Dean to write upon the Art, Rise, and Progress of the English stage; which how well he has performed is now submitted to the judgment of that worthy gentleman to whom it is inscribed.

Notwithstanding the account here given by Mr. Webster in the year 1713, Jacob ascribes this production to a Mr. Reynardson of Baliol College, son of a Turkey merchant, collector of the customs at

Bristol, and author of an excellent ode on Divine Vengeance.

87. *Nigh where*, &c.] Charing-Cross.

ibid. Perhaps the spot where now stands Powell's stage,] Under the Piazzas of Covent-Garden. See Spectator, No. 14.

ibid. ——————*fat Dominic's the jest.*] Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

89. *T' have sat at Athens when the Clouds were play'd.*] 'The Clouds,' a play of Aristophanes, where Socrates is throughout satirised, at which, when represented, he was present, and shewed not the least concern.

ibid. When Shadwell gives his ideot clown a miss,] Young Hartford, in his 'Lancashire Witches.'

ibid. Go read Quintilian de movendo risu.] Stulta reprehendere facillimum est, nam ex se sunt ridicula, sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.

95. *When good Urganda battles for her knight,*] His British Enchanters.

96. *The free-born Cato*, &c.] Though Cato at this time was neither published, nor completed, yet four acts of it had been submitted to the inspection of Friends.

99. *Here Bullock's cudgel*———] Bullock was celebrated in low comedy, and particularly for the parts of testy old men.

100. *He, by Religion a Tragedian made,*
Play'd virtuous parts, and liv'd the parts he play'd.] Such is the universal attestation

to the character of Betterton. Perhaps the Author had an eye in this passage to the story of Genest. See the next Epistle.

100. *The Laureat sicken'd,———*] Colley Cibber.

101. *Nokes trod the stage,* &c.] Of this performer some idea may be formed from the following extract: —"Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature.—His person was of the middle size, his voice clear and audible; his natural countenance grave and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an aukward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you would not have believed that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense." Cibber's Apology, p. 118.

ibid. Barry—Bracegirdle—Powell.] See Cibber's Apology, p. 132, 141, 166.

102. *The pleas'd spectator dreads a king in Keene.*] Theophilus Keene, not a first rate performer, though praised by many for the majesty of his performance.

ibid. We hop'd, alas! we hop'd a nearer view,] The Players, at this time expected at Oxford, were for-

dden to come. They, however, went thither again ter Cato was brought on the stage.

103. *Should Oldfield then*, &c.] Afterwards Mrs. ooth, who lived till January 15, 1773. The cha-ıcters for which she is here celebrated are Andro-ıache, in Philips's 'Distressed Mother;' and Loveit, Etherege's 'Man of Mode.'

ibid. *'Tis said young Ammon*, &c.] See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.'

104. *To see* that *Hercules*, &c.] A new Opera, so ılled.

ibid. *The Terence and Vitruvius of his times*;] Sir ohn Vanbrugh.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 106. This ingenious and sprightly writer was on of Dr. Pierson Lloyd, second master, for many ears, of Westminster School; where, and at Trinity ollege, Cambridge, he was eminently distinguished, or his poetical powers, and his eccentric conduct. etween him and the celebrated Charles Churchill a ost cordial attachment subsisted. The generosity f the latter frequently relieved the former's dis-resses, whilst his death was accelerated by the death f his friend. Poor Lloyd made his exit in the Fleet rison on the 15th of December 1764. Mr. Wilkes, o whom he was well known has portrayed him, s "mild and affable in private life, of gentle man-ıers, and very engaging in conversation. He was an

excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

An imperfect collection of Mr. Lloyd's poetical works, was published by Dr. Kendrick in two volumes, 1774.

EPISTLE X.

Page 118. ———*a* FORRESTER—] This Lady, who is frequently and ill-naturedly mentioned by Swift, was Maid of Honor to Queen Anne, and in 1701 married at the age of thirteen, to Sir George Downing. The Bridegroom, being only two years older than the Bride, set out on his travels, in the interval of which both contracting a dislike to each other, joined, on his return, to obtain a divorce.—This Lady must have been very accomplished to have deserved half the compliments lavished upon her. In the 'British Court,' she is thus described:

"But see the sacred marks of beauty shine
"In FORRESTER, more glorious and divine;
"Easy her shape is wrought in every turn,
"Charming her mien, and elegant her form.
"Artless she walks, with such a moving grace,

"'Tis difficult for wit, or words, t' express
"Which pleases most, her *looks*, her *air*, her *dress*."

120. *A* SUNDERLAND *the coldest writer warms*,] Anne, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough. —The *coldest writer* has been understood to allude to Dr. Watts, who in handing this Lady, when at Tunbridge, into her coach, left in her hand some animated stanzas. This reference, however, is altogether ideal, for the Epistle was written prior to the Doctor's gallantry.

ibid. ——*bright* MONTHERMER——] Mary, youngest daughter to the Duke, married John Duke of Montagu, and Marquis of Monthermer. This Lady was also greatly celebrated, by the wits of the time.

ibid. ——BRIDGEWATER——] Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Bridgewater, was the third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

121. GODOLPHIN——] Henrietta, the Duke's eldest daughter.

ibid. BOLTON——] Lady Henrietta Crofts, daughter of the Duke of Monmouth.

122. —SEYMOUR——] Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving daughter and sole heiress of Josceline Earl of Northumberland, in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Brian, and Latimer, was thrice a wife, and twice a widow before she was sixteen, being first married to the Earl of Ogle, only son and heir of Henry Duke of New-

castle: Secondly, contracted to Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, who was assassinated, as he was riding through Pall-mall in his coach, at the instigation of Count Coningsmarck, through the hope of succeeding with the Lady, if he could remove Mr. Thynne: Thirdly, to Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset. Her Grace, who was one of the greatest ornaments of Queen Anne's court, succeeded the Dutches of Marlborough as groom of the stole, and died Nov. 23, 1722, aged 56. She was mother of Algernon Duke of Somerset, and grandmother to Lady Elizabeth Seymour, late Dutchess of Northumberland.

122. ——TUFTON——] Catharine, eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Thanet, married Edward Watson Lord Rockingham.

ibid. ——ASHBURNHAM——] Mary, youngest daughter to James Duke of Ormond, married John Lord Ashburnham, and died about fifteen months after. Swift, writing to Stella, thus mentions her death. "I am just now told that poor dear Lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country-house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favorite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the Duke and Dutchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her Lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth

my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession: yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing."—From the manner in which the Dean here mentions Lord Ashburnham, it is evident, that even his softest moods were not exempt from causticity.

124. ——VAUGHAN——] Anne, daughter and sole heir to John Earl of Carbury, married Charles Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton.

ibid. ——LOUISA——] Daughter to Charles Duke of Richmond, by Anne daughter to the Earl of Cardigan.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 133. It is evident, at first sight, that the idea of this Epistle was suggested by the celebrated one of ADDISON, to Sir GODFREY KNELLER, in conjunction perhaps with the preceding.

134. *In* HARVEY'S *glorious awful mien.*] Miss Harvey, afterwards Mrs. Phipps; who died about the year 1753.

135. *Where* FITZROY *moves, resplendent Fair;*] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, late Countess of Harrington.

ibid. Though STANHOPE'*s more than Paris bless'd.*] The late Earl of Harrington.

ibid. So CLEVELAND *shown in warlike pride,*] The Dutchess, among the Beauties at Windsor, in the character of Pallas.

135. *So* GRAFTON, &c.] The Dutchess, among the Beauties at Hampton Court.

ibid. *Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see!*
Yet sure the true is EMILY:] Lady Emily Lennox, Dutchess of Leinster; since married to Mr. Ogilvie.

ibid. *—smiling* CAPEL———] Lady Mary, afterwards married to Admiral Forbes.

136. *Place charming* BERKLEY, *Proserpine,*] Countess of Berkley, afterwards married to the late Earl Nugent.

ibid. AYLESBURY *like hoary Neptune's Queen.*] Countess of Aylesbury, married to the Honorable Henry Seymour Conway.

ibid. *The new Aurora,* LYTTLETON:] Lucy Fortescue, the amiable and lamented wife of the first Lord Lyttleton.

ibid. *Such Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,*] Guido's Aurora in the Respigliori palace at Rome.

ibid. *Like Dian,* STRAFFORD *woos the sight;*] Countess of Strafford.

137. *From* CARPENTER *we guess, or see,*]
All beauteous MANNERS, *beam from thee.*]
Miss Carpenter, afterwards Countess of Egremont, and since married to Count Bruhl.

Miss Manners.

ibid. *How blithe she look'd, let* FANNY *tell;*] Miss Fanny Macartney, afterwards the wife of Fulke Greville.

ibid. *Another Goddess,* &c.] Pomona.

. *Must own each Stonehouse meets in* PITT.] Miss
is, how Lady Rivers.
'. CHUDLEIGH,——] Late Countess
stol, and nominal Dutchess of Kingston.
. —JULIANA——] Lady Juliana Fermor,
married to Mr. Penn.
'. ——*her dear Resemblance gone,*] Lady Sophia
or, Countess of Granville, died in 1745.
. *Two beauteous Nymphs*——] Miss Mary
n.
s. Boone.

EPISTLE XII.

ge 143. *And on the* Scraper's *art rely, &c.*] It
ot, perhaps, be impertinent to observe, that this
s applied to that species of engravers, who pre-
he plates for *Metzotinto* impressions.
. *Humanely thoughtful how to save*
The starving thousands from the grave.] I shall
by relating the whole of the transaction to which
le, suppose any one ignorant of that splendid Act
manity which, during the last war in *Canada*, re-
l so much honor upon *Lord Amherst*, and, through
upon his Country and his nature.
. *And kindly bid the sorrowing Pair*
To urge their steps and enter there.] While I
nusing myself with this Composition, I was asked
ie Lady of Fashion might be, whom I had join'd

with Mr. F. in this penitential progress? It may therefore be proper, for the satisfaction of enquirers, to say something concerning her:—

She is not a Lady of Fashion, for she seldom appears in public; and when she does, no one of the Ton will own an acquaintance with her. She is of a very ancient family and high birth, and all the Monarchs in Europe, with their Ministers, Favorites, &c. acknowledge her in their closets. And I should be glad, for I am myself well acquainted with her salutary influence, to recommend her to the immediate intimacy of our Young Men and Women of Fashion that she might be saved the disagreeable necessity of intruding herself upon them at some future period of their lives.—The Lady's name is REPENTANCE.

152. *Gives to a dragon's form, the wound*
That lays the monster on the ground.] A Picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 153. "This noble and eminent Person, was the second son of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He had been, for many years, in the first reputation at the bar; and, having passed through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, was, himself, made lord chancellor in January 1770, but died soon after his appointment to that high dignity.—*Luctuosum suis; acerbum patriae; grave bonis omnibus.* Cic

154. —GIOTTO———] The scholar of Cimabu, and the first painter of any genius that appeared in Italy, worked at Florence; was the contemporary of Dante and Petrarch, whose pictures he drew, and with whom he lived in friendship. Y.

ibid. TITIAN———] This painter drew more portraits of kings and princes than any other that ever lived. Ariosto and Aretine were his friends and contemporaries, of whom he made pictures. Y.

155. ZEUXIS———] Zeuxis, who studied Homer with particular attention, always read such parts of his poems as were best suited to the subject he had in hand, before he took up his pencil. Y.

ibid. JULIO——] Julio Romano, the disciple and favorite of Raphael, was said to have a peculiar majesty in his composition. He was the best scholar of the modern painters, and a diligent reader of Virgil, and the greatest poets. Y.

ibid. CLOVIO———] Julio Clovio lived 200 years after Dante. The portrait of Dante, here mentioned, represents him, as Mr. Duncombe hath observed, in a melancholy posture in the fore-ground, looking back on Florence; whence he was banished during the commotions of that state, in which he bore the highest offices. Clovio's great work is a book of drawings, in the Florentine gallery, the subjects of which are all taken from Dante's on Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.

ibid. —BEATRICE——] The mistress of Dante in his youth, who died many years before him, and of whom he speaks with great affection. She is repre-

sented in the poem as the Guardian Angel who leads him through Heaven, as Virgil and Statius do their heroes through Hell and Purgatory. Y.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 157. *The Doric grave, where weight requires.*] In ea aede cum voluissent columnas collocare, non habentes symmetrias earum, & quaerentes quibus rationibus efficere possent, ut et *ad onus ferendum* essent idoneae, et in aspectu probatam haberent venustatem; dimensi sunt virilis pedis vestigium, et cum invenissent pedem sextam partem esse altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam transtulerunt: et qua crassitudine fecerunt basin scapi, tantum eam sexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna *virilis corporis* proportionem, et firmitatem et venustatem in aedificiis praestare coepit. *Vitruv.* l. IV. c. I. p. 60.

ibid. The light Corinthian, &c.] Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, verginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter aetatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratae, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venustiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, *&c. Ibid.*

ibid. Between them see, &c.] Junoni, Dianae, Libero Patri, caeterisque Diis qui eadem sunt similitudine, si aedes Ionicae construerentur, habita erit ratio *mediocritatis*, quod et ab severo more Doricorum et a teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum institutio proprietatis. *Ibid.*

157. *The Ionic*, &c.] Item postea Dianae constituere aedem quaerentes, novi generis speciem, iisdem vestigiis ad muliebrem transtulerunt gracilitatem: et fecerunt primum columnae crassitudinem altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent speciem excelsiorem, basi spiram supposuerunt pro calceo, capitulo volutas, uti capillamento concrispatos cincinnos praependentes dextra ac sinistra collocaverunt, et cymatiis et encarpis pro crinibus dispositis, frontes ornaverunt: truncoque toto strias, uti stolarum rugas, *matronali more* dimiserunt. *Ibid.*

158. —*From real or from seeming use*,] —quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturae ferunt *imaginem*, sic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis asserum habent imitationem. Itaque in Graecis operibus nemo sub mutulo denticulos constituit: non enim possunt subtus cantherios asseres esse. Quod ergo supra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet essa collacatum, id in *imaginibus*, si infra constitutum fuerit, mendosam habebit operis rationem, *&c. Ibid.*

159. *From truth*, &c.] —quod non potest in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, posse certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, et a *veris naturae* deductis moribus, traduxerunt in operum perfectiones: et ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere *veritatis*. *Vitruv.* lib. IV. c. II. p. 67.

ibid. —*and use*, &c.] See the idea of beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the Minute Philosopher, dial. III. sect. VIII, IX.

EPISTLE XV.

Page 160. This Epistle being ethical, critical, and descriptive, the Editor was in some doubt how to dispose of it. If any of its Readers should consider it misplaced here, others perhaps, may think differently.—Though not without merit of its own, its principal value appears to arise from the circumstance, of having suggested to Goldsmith the idea of his Traveller.

Mr. Spence was educated at Winchester School, and was afterward a Fellow of New College. Having taken his Master of Arts degree in 1727, and acquired reputation by his Essay on the Odyssey of Pope, he was elected Poetry Professor, and held that office for the space of ten years. With the Earl of Lincoln (now Duke of Newcastle) he travelled into Italy, and there collected materials for his Polymetis. Succeeding in 1742, to the rectory of Great Horwood, a college living in Buckinghamshire, he vacated his fellowship; but was appointed professor of modern History at Oxford in the same year, and in 1754 a prebendary of Durham.—He was found dead on the 20th of August, 1768, with his face in water, which as it was too shallow to cover his head, his death was ascribed to a fit. He appears to have been an elegant scholar and an amiable man.

THE END.

BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. IV.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

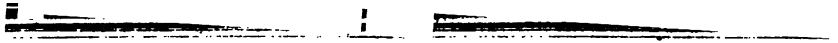
LONDON:

PRINTED BY

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXIX.



EPISTLES

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

CONTENTS.

EPISTLES
DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

Page

I. VERTUMNUS. To Mr. J. Bobart, Professor of Botany at Oxford. From Abel Evans, D. D. 1

II. To Signior Antonio Verrio, at Hampton-Court. From Bainbrigg Buckeredge, Esq. 18

III. To a Friend. To John Whaley, M. A. recapitulating the Particulars of a Journey to Houghton 21

IV. Description of a Voyage to Tintern-Abbey, in Monmouthshire. By S. Davies, D. D. 35

V. To Sir Humph. Mackworth. From Tho. Yalden, D. D. 39

VI. Addressed to two Ladies, at their return from viewing the Mines near Whitehaven. By J. Dalton, D. D. 47

VII. To a Friend, just leaving a favorite Retirement, previous to settling abroad. By the Rev. Samuel Henley, F. S. A. 60

Page

VIII. To Tho. Pennant, Esq. From Gilbert White, M. A. The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk 66

IX. The Academic Sportsman; or, a Winter's Day. By the Rev. Gerald Fitzgerald 69

X. From the Hon. Charles Fox, partridge Shooting, to the Hon. J. Townshend, Cruising. By Richard Tickell, Esq. 86

XI. The Project. To the Rev. Dean Tucker. By the Same 92

XII. The Pleasures of the Mind 102

XIII. Written in a Cottage at Park-Place, the Seat of the Rt. Hon. General Conway. By the Rev. Mr. Powys 107

XIV. Written from Lisbon. By William Julius Mickle 111

XV. The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. 133

Notes on Epistles Descriptive and Narrative 151

EPISTLES
DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

EPISTLE I.

VERTUMNUS.

TO

MR. JACOB BOBART,

[Professor of Botany, at Oxford.]

FROM

ABEL EVANS, D. D.

THANK Heaven! at last our wars are o'er;
We're very wise, and very poor:
All our campaigns at once are done:
We 've ended where we just begun,
In perfect peace: long may it last,
And pay for all the taxes past!
Refill th' Exchequer, chace our fears,
And dry up all the ladies' tears,
For husbands, sons, and lovers lost;
In duels some, in battles most.

Rise, rise, ye Britons, thankful rise!
Extol your Empress to the skies;
Crown her with laurels ever green,
With olives fair inwove between:

Her courage drew the conquering sword;
Her wisdom banish'd peace restor'd.

Long, wond'rous Anna! may'st thou live
To enjoy those blessings which you give:
To guard thy friends, confound thy foes,
And fix the Church and State's repose:
And late, for peace to Britain given,
Be crown'd with endless peace in Heaven

Farewell, ye camps and sieges dire,
With all your cannons, smoke, and fire!
Ye victories and trophies vain,
A certain loss, uncertain gain!
Ye squadrons and battalions brave,
Who first your foes, then friends enslave!
Ye gallant leaders, who delight,
For glory less, than gold, to fight!
Ye public patriots plac'd on high,
To sell those votes, which first ye buy!
And bards, whose mercenary lays
Such heroes and such statesmen praise!

An honest Muse alike disclaims
Such authors, and their impious themes;
And, with a more becoming grace,
Her song impartial will address,
Bobart, to thee, the Muses' friend:
Bobart, the promis'd song attend.
And where no difference appears

Betwixt the subject, and the verse;
But he who praises, and is prais'd,
On equal eminence are rais'd:
No flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
Nor hopes encourag'd of reward.
Such is our case:—I honor thee
For something, thou for something me;
Sincerely both: our thoughts the same,
Of courtiers, fortune, and of fame;
Alike (in pity to mankind)
To peace, to heavenly peace, inclin'd.

To peace, my Friend! that thou and I,
No colors fluttering in the sky;
With frightful faces, glittering arms
(Bellona's military charms);
May undisturb'd and studious rove,
O'er every lawn, through every grove.

See various Nature, in each field,
Her flowers and fruits luxuriant yield;
While the bright God of day presides
Aloft, and all the seasons guides;
Jocund to run his annual course,
With never-tiring speed and force.

With golden hair the God of day
Wings from the East his fervid way;
The stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch along the skies;

To see him roll his fiery race
Athwart the vast aethereal space;
Unbind the frosts, dissolve the snows,
As round the radiant Belt he goes.

Mild Zephyrus the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant meads;
The mountains shout, the forests ring,
While Flora decks the purple Spring:
The hours attendant all the while
On Zephyrus and Flora smile:
The valleys laugh, the rivers play,
In honor of the God of day.

The birds, that fan the liquid air,
To tune their little throats prepare;
The joyous birds of every shade,
For loitering, love, and music made,
Their voices raise on every spray,
To welcome in the God of day.

The vegetable Earth beneath
Bids all her plants his praises breathe:
Clouds of fresh fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his progress through the skies;
And Heaven, and Earth, and Air unite,
To celebrate his heat and light:
That light and heat which on our world
From his gay chariot-wheels is hurl'd;
And every morn does rosy rise,

To glad our dampy, darksome skies:
Which once deserted by his light
Would languish in eternal night.

But Gardening were of all a toil,
That on our hopes the least would smile;
Should the kind God of day forbear
T' exhale the rains, foment the air:
Or, in an angry mood, decline
With his prolific beams to shine.

Ev'n thou! though that 's thy meanest praise,
Nor fruits nor flowers could'st hope to raise;
Howe'er thou may'st in order place,
Of both, the latter, earlier race;
In glasses or in sheds confin'd,
To shield them from the wintery wind;
Or, in the Spring, with skilful care,
Range them his influence best to share;
Did not the sun, their genial sire,
The vegetative soul inspire:
Instruct the senseless aukward root,
And teach the fibres how to shoot:
Command the taper stalk to rear
His flowering head, to grace the year;
To shed ambrosial odors round,
And paint, with choicest dyes, the ground.

Thou, next to him, art truly great;
On earth his mighty delegate:

The Vegetable world to guide,
And o'er all Botany preside:
To see that every dewy morn
Successive plants the earth adorn:
That flowers through every month be found,
Constant to keep their gaudy round:
That flowers, in spite of frost and snow,
Throughout our year, perpetual blow;
That trees, in spite of winds, are seen
Array'd in everlasting green.

Nor with a care beneath thy skill
Dost thou that vast employment fill.

Hail, Horticulture's sapient King!
Receive the homage that we bring:
While at thy feet, with reverence low,
All Botanists and Florists bow;
Their knowledge, practice, all resign,
Short, infinitely short, of thine.

For thou 'rt not satisfied to know
The plants that in three nations blow,
Their names, their seasons, native place;
Their culture, qualities, and race;
Or Europe's more extended plains;
Sylvanus', Flora's wide domains:
Whate'er in Africk, Asia, shoots
From seeds, from layers, grafts, or roots;
At both the Indies, both the Poles,

Whate'er the sea or ocean rolls;
Of the botanic, herbal kind,
Lies open to thy searching mind.

Noblest ambition of thy soul!
Which limits but in vain control.
Let others, meanly satisfy'd
With partial knowledge sooth their pride:
While thou, with thy prodigious store,
But shew'st thy modesty the more.

Thou venerable Patriarch wise,
Instruct us in thy mysteries:
From thee the Gods no knowledge hide,
No knowledge have to thee deny'd:
The rural Gods of hills or plains,
Where Faunus, or Favonia reigns.

Then tell us, as thou best dost know,
Where perfect happiness does grow.
What herbs or bodies will sustain
Secure from sickness, and from pain:
What plants protect us from the rage
Of blighting Time, or blasting Age;
Which shrubs, of all the flowery field,
Most aromatic odors yield.

Shew us the trees by Nature spread,
To form the coolest noon-tide shade;

When our first ancestors were seen,
Out-stretch'd upon the grassy green:
Nor any food or covering sought,
But what from trees and woods they got;
Who, after various ages spent
In ease, abundance, and content,
Knew not what wars, or sickness meant;
But, chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th' Elysian fields retir'd.

Recount the precepts they observ'd;
How from their rules they never swerv'd;
Such as Alcinous of old
To his beloved Phaeaceans told;
Or those Apollo first did teach
His son, the Epidaurian leech.

Long ere the Romans us'd to dine
Beneath their planes manur'd with wine;
On Tyrian couches, thoughtless lay,
And drank, and laugh'd, and kiss'd away
Each sultry, circling, Summer's day:
On polish'd ivory beds reclin'd,
Flung care and sorrow to the wind:
And, scorning Nature's temperate rules,
Like madmen liv'd, and dy'd like fools:

Teach us, thou learn'd judicious Sage,
The manners of a wiser age!

To thee was given by Jove to keep
Those grottoes where the Muses sleep:
To plant their forests where they sing,
Fast by the cool Castalian spring:
With myrtles their pavilions raise;
Soft, intermix'd with Delian bays:
And when, they wake at earliest day,
To strew with sweetest flowers their way,
Transcendent honor! here below,
The Muses and their haunts to know!

Anna! look down on Isis' towers;
Be gracious to the Muses' bowers:
And, now thy toils of war are done;
Anna! protect Apollo's throne:
'Twas he the dart unerring threw;
Python the snaky monster slew.

The Muses' bowers, by all admir'd,
But those Fanatic rage has fir'd,
Or Atheist fools, who freedom boast,
Themselves to slavery fetter'd most.
Stern Mars, may thunder, Momus rail;
But Wisdom's goodness will prevail.

On Isis' banks, retirement sweet!
Tritonian Pallas holds her seat.

Minerva's gardens are thy care;
Bobart! the Virgin-power revere;

Thy hoary head with vervain bound,
The mystic grove thrice compass round;
The waters of lustration pour,
And thrice the winding walks explore:
Lest some presumptuous wretch intrude,
With impious steel to wound the wood;
Or, with rash arm, prophanely dare
To shake the trees, the leaves to bare,
And violate their sacred hair:
Or, by worse sacrilege betray'd,
The blossoms, fruits, or flowers, invade.

Ye strangers! guard your heedless feet,
Lest from the herbs their dews ye beat:
Cosmetic dews, by virgins fair,
Exhal'd in May with early care,
Will to their eyes fresh lustre give,
And make their charms for ever live.

Minerva's gardens are thy care;
Jacob, the Goddess-maid revere.

All plants which Europe's fields contain,
For health, for pleasure, or for pain,
From the tall cedar that does rise
With conic pride, and mates the skies;
Down to the humblest shrub that crawls
On earth, or just ascends our walls,
Her squares of Horticulture yield:
By Danby planted, Bobart till'd.

Delightful scientific shade,
For knowledge, as for pleasure, made!

'Twas generous Danby first inclos'd
The waste, and in parterres dispos'd;
Transform'd the fashion of the ground,
And fenc'd it with a rocky mound;
The figure disproportion'd chang'd,
Trees, shrubs, and plants, in order rang'd;
Stock'd it with such excessive store,
Only the spacious earth had more:
At his command the plat was chose,
And Eden from the chaos rose:
Confusion in a moment fled,
And roses blush'd where thistles bred.

The Portico, next, high he rear'd,
By builders now so much rever'd,
Which like some rustic beauty shews,
Who all her charms to Nature owes;
Yet fires the heart, and warms the head,
No less than those in cities bred;
Our wonder equally does raise
With them, as well deserves our praise.

The work of Jones's master-hand:
Jones, the Vitruvius of our land;
He drew the plan, the fabrick fix'd,
With equal strength and beauty mix'd:

With perfect symmetry design'd;
Consummate, like the donor's mind.

Illustrious Danby! splendid peer!
Look downward from thy radiant sphere,
The Muses' thanks propitious hear.
When, Albion, will thy Nobles now,
Such bounty to Minerva shew?

There, where old Cherwell gently leads
His humid train along the meads;
And courts fair Isis, but in vain,
Who laughs at all his amorous pain;
Away the scornful Naiad turns,
For younger Tamus Isis burns.

Close to those towers, so much renown'd
For slavery lost and freedom found:
Where thy brave sons, in hapless days,
Wainfleet, to thy immortal praise,
Their rights municipal maintain'd
Submiss, not their allegiance stain'd;
To loyalty and conscience true;
Gave Caesar and Themselves their due;
Close to those towers, by Jove's command,
The gardens of Minerva stand.

There 'tis we see thee, Bobart, tend
Thy favorite greens; from harms defend
Exotic plants, which, finely bred

In softer soils, thy succour need;
Whose birth far-distant countries claim,
Sent here in honor to thy name.
To thee the strangers trembling fly,
For shelter from our barbarous sky,
And murdering winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel drifts of rain or snow;
And dreadful ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien vegetables bring.

Nor art thou less inclin'd to save,
Than they thy generous aid to crave:
But, with like pleasure and respect,
Thy darling tribe thou dost protect:
Lessen their fears, their hopes dilate,
And save their fragrant souls from fate:
While they, secure in health and peace,
Their covert and their guardian bless.

This makes thee rouze at prime of day,
Thy doubtful nursery to survey:
At noon to count thy flock with care,
And in their joys and sorrows share,
By each extreme unhappy made,
Of too much sun, or too much shade;
Be ready to attend their cry,
And all their little wants supply;
By day severest sentry keep,
By night sit by them as they sleep;

With endless pain and endless pleasure,
As misers guard their hoarded treasure.
Till soft Favonius fans the flowers,
Breathes balmy dews, drops fruitful showers;
Favonius soft, that sweetly blows,
The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose:
And, with the gentle Twins at play,
Brings in th' Elysian month of May.
Then boldly from their lodge you bring
Your guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy Foreigners! to find
From Islanders such treatment kind:
Not only undisturb'd to live,
But, by thy goodness, Bobart, thrive:
Grow strong, increase, their verdure hold,
As dwelling in their native mold.

The rest, who will no culture know,
But ceaseless curse our rains and snow:
A sickly, sullen, fretful race;
The gardener's and his art's disgrace;
Whom Bobart's self in vain does strive,
With all his skill to keep alive:
Which from beneath th' Æquator come,
In India's sultry forests bloom.
Of these, at least, since nature more
Denies t' encrease thy living store,
Their barks, or roots, their flowers, or leaves,

Thy Hortus Siccus still receives
In tomes twice ten, that work immense!
By thee compil'd at vast expence;
With utmost diligence amass'd,
And shall as many ages last.

And now, methinks, my Genius sees
My Friend, amidst his plants and trees;
Full in the center there he stands.
Encircled with his verdant bands;
Who all around obsequious wait,
To know his pleasure, and their fate:
His royal orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die, or live:
That not the proudest kings can boast
A greater, or more duteous, host.

Thou all that power dost truly know,
Which they but dream of here below;
Thy absolute despotic reign
Inviolably dost maintain,
Nor with il-govern'd wrath affright
Thy people, or insult their right:
But, as thy might in greatness grows,
Thy mercy in proportion flows:
Nor they undutiful deny
What 's due to lawful majesty;
Safe in thy court from all the cares,
Domestic treasons, foreign wars

Which monarchs and their crowns perplex,
Whom factions still, or favorites vex.

But thou, on thy botanic throne,
Sit'st fearless, uncontrol'd, alone:
Thy realms in tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or, rising, are as soon dissolv'd:
Free from the mischiefs and the strife
Of a false friend, or fury wife:
And if a rebel slave, or son,
Audacious by indulgence grown,
Presumes above his mates to rise,
And their dull loyalty despise:
Thou, awful Sultan! with a look,
Canst all his arrogance rebuke;
And, darting one imperial frown,
Hurl the bold traitor headlong down:
His brethren, trembling at his fate,
Thy dread commands with reverence wait:
Thy wondrous power and justice own,
And learn t' assert a tottering throne.

Thus, Kings that were in empire wise,
Rebellions early should chastise;
And give their clemency no time,
Betwixt th' offender and the crime,
With fatal eloquence to plead,
Which does more rebels only breed.
Bobart, to Kings thy rules commend,
For thou to Monarchs art a friend.

Thus, Sovereign Planter! I have paid
The debt, the promis'd present made:
Do thou, what 's written for thy sake
With freedom, with like freedom take:
Take the just praise thy Friend may give,
And in my verse for ever live!

EPISTLE II.

TO

SIGNIOR ANTONIO VERRIO,

AT HAMPTON COURT;

ON THE GRANT OF WOODSTOCK PARK, &c.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1704.

FROM

BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

RENOWN'D in arms when mighty Heroes rise,
Th' immortal Muse in lasting numbers tries
To future ages to transmit their fame,
And give them, after death, a living name.
The fields of bliss below, the shady grove,
Were the reward of all their toils above;
The Mantuan Swain has fill'd the solemn place
With the wreath'd worthies of his Roman race;
While greater Marlborough disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate,
But reaps that glorious harvest whilst he lives,
Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.
Elysian shades shall now no more be sought,
The gay creation of the Poet's thought;
The royal gift displays a nobler view,
No feign'd Elysium can exceed the true.

Woodstock her lov'd Plantagenet no more
Laments, when Marlborough shall her state restore;
She for whom Chaucer's tuneful lyre was strung,
And Wilmot's Muse in softer transport sung,
From lonely bowers her lofty head shall rear,
And chearful, like her conquering Lord, appear.
Through her cool glades, on every verdant plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure reign:
High on her walls, Imperial Eagles tell,
By bolder hands how fierce Bavarians fell;
Here we behold, by Verrio's pencil wrought,
The numerous spoils from Swabian conquests brought;
How o'er th' opposing Schellenberg he run,
Which none before but great Gustavus won.
Here, camps assaulted, and a city storm'd;
There, on expanded plains, the battle form'd;
Through seas of blood the fiery coursers fly,
And rapid streams and thundering brass defy;
While echoing cliffs and sylvan heights around
With groans and shouts alternately resound.
Surrendering squadrons with their lillies torn,
And haughty chiefs before his prowess born;
In exile One, and One beneath his chain,
Strive for a Crown and Liberty in vain.

Gild his victorious car, bold Artist; draw
Albion rejoicing, and the World in awe;
Paint in full splendor all his acts, that claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame.
Make him Gaul's glittering flowers in homage yield,

To fix them faster in Britannia's shield;
Let Austria's sacred branch in state descend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend;
Let your great genius on the canvass show,
How the swift Rhine, and how the Danube flow,
How eastward this, in streaming purple strays,
How that, his captives to our coasts conveys;
How thus the trophies, he at once has won,
Haste to the rising and the setting sun.

EPISTLE III.

TO A

FRIEND,

FROM

JOHN WHALEY, M. A.

RECAPITULATING THE PARTICULARS OF A

JOURNEY TO HOUGHTON.

SWEET Nymphs, that dwell on Pindus' verdant side,
And o'er the woods without a blush preside,
Celestial Muses, deign your Bard a lay,
As on the winding banks of Yare I stray.
Yet if the Nymphs from Pindus scorn to bow,
Nor deign to listen to a voice so low;
Their pride I will repay, and in despite,
While such my theme, of all the Muses write.

Recall we then, for still 'twill please, to mind
The morn we left dull Norwich smoke behind,
When, as the lofty spire just sunk from view,
To a fair verdant water'd vale we drew;
Where 'midst fair Liberty's all joyous plains
Popery still seems to hug her galling chains.

The dragon in Hesperian gardens old
Thus slumbering lay, and tasted not the gold;
Thus, 'midst th' eternal spring Judea keeps,
The lazy poison of Asphaltus sleeps.

Bend then, my Muse, thy flight to Weston's plains
(No verse can flow where papal Slavery reigns),
Weston! whose groves not envy Pindus' shade,
Nor, blest with Ridley, want Apollo's aid.
Here Virtue reigns, and o'er the fruitful land
Religion walks, with Freedom hand in hand;
His little flock the pious priest informs,
And every breast with heaven-born doctrine warms;
Soft flows his stream of eloquence along,
And truths divine come mended from his tongue.
Here the known bounty of the place we blest,
And to our number join'd the chearful priest.

Through ancient Elmham next our way we take,
And gravely nodding wise reflections make;
How strongest things destructive Time o'erturns,
And the waste town its ravish'd mitre mourns;
"Mitre! repeats the priest with simpering leer,
'Twill fit at Norwich full as well as here."

But now, my Muse, in blushes hide thy face,
Nor deign the next vile town in verse a place;
Unless thou canst indite in Blackmore's strain,
And say, we call'd full hungry at the Swan,
"But found not hay for horse, nor meat for man."

Dire hunger! that with meagre visage stalks,
And never fails to cross the poet's walks:
But three short miles soon brought us bounteous aid,
And Mileham's fulness Brisley's want o'erpaid.
See! the gay Unicorn the wood adorn,
Fair sign of plenty, with his ivory horn!
Here Ceres spread her fruits with lavish hand,
And Bacchus laughing waited our command.

Hence pleas'd and satisfy'd we take our road,
And sometimes laugh and talk, but oftner nod.
Yet this soft indolence not long we kept,
But wak'd to see where others faster slept;
Where Coke's remains beneath the marble rot,
His cases and distinctions all forgot;
His body honor'd and to Fame consign'd,
For virtues flowing from th' immortal mind.
What would avail this sumptuous mass of stone,
Were he not from his works for ever known?
Let the survivors of such great men's dust,
Ne'er think to add to Virtue by a bust;
If false, posterity will find the lye,
If true, without it, it will never die,
But through succeeding ages shine the same,
Or from some Leicester catch a brighter flame.

But farewell death, and tombs, and moldering urns,
Our eye with joy on neighb'ring Raynham turns;
Where pleasures undecaying seem to dwell,
Such as the happy in Elysium feel,

Where heroes, statesmen, and the virtuous crowd
Receive the great reward of being good.
Such pleasures ev'n on earth had heaven ordain'd,
For him who once our tottering state sustain'd;
Who join'd the glorious freedom-loving crew,
Fix'd to great Caesar what was Caesar's due,—
And then, dictator-like, to fields withdrew.
Fair ran the current of his age, serene
As the pure lake that bounds the various scene.
Here whate'er Nature beauteous boasts we find,
Charming when separate, but more charming join'd,
Pleasures, though chang'd, we meet where'er we rove,
On hill, in dale, on plain, in shady grove;
Here swell the hillocs crown'd with golden grain,
There, at their feet, fair flows the liquid plain,
O'er those the larks extend their labor'd note,—
On this the swans in snowy grandeur float.

To Houghton then we take our pleasing way,
Thrice happy boundary of a well-spent day;
Here chearful Plenty met the wearied guest,
And splendid Welcome doubly crown'd our rest.

Thou then, Apollo, aid the Poet's lay,
Thy beams gave lustre to the following day;
When in one house more beauties join'd we found,
Than e'er thou seest in al lthy glorious round;
Where Walpole plac'd, with curious happy cost,

Whate'er magnificence or taste can boast,
Where, in what building noblest has, we find
Preserv'd, what painting liveliest e'er design'd.
See! Sculpture too her beauties here disclose,
Such as old Phidias taught and Rysbrack knows;
Laocoon here in pain still seems to breathe,
While round his limbs the poisonous serpents wreathe,
Life struggling seems through every limb to pass,
And dying torments animate the brass.

The pencil's power the proud saloon displays,
And struck with wonder on the paint we gaze.

See! the proud Rabbins, at the sumptuous board,
Frown on the wretch who kneels before her Lord,
And the rich unguent, in devotion meet,
Pours, mix'd with tears, on her Redeemer's feet.
In vain with hypocritic rage they glow,
While mercy smooths the heavenly stranger's brow;
He the true penitent with ease descries,
Sees the heart speaking in the melting eyes,
Bids every tear with full effect to stream,
And from his vengeance all her sins redeem.

On the next cloth behold Van Dyck display
Celestial innocence, immortal day:
His pencil here no more with nature vies,
Above her plastic power his genius flies;
Soars on Promethean wing aloft, and there
Steals forms which heaven born cherubs only wear;

Pours airs divine into the human frame,
Darts through his children's eyes seraphic flame,
While o'er the sacred forms such beauties reign,
As not belie the sainthood they contain.

Behold! where Stephen fainting yields his breath,
By great Le Sueur again condemn'd to death;
With strange surprise we view the horrid deed,
And then, to pity melted, turn the head,
Lest, as spectators of the martyr's fall,
We innocently share the crime of Saul.
Here too Albani's pencil charms the eye;
Morellio here unfolds the azure sky,
Sweet modest charms the Virgin's cheek adorn,
To Heaven on wings of smiling seraphs borne.

The next gay room is known by Carlo's name,
Fair Mausoleum of Maratti's fame!
Such strokes, such equal charms, each picture boasts,
We venture not to say which pleases most.
Thus on the galaxy with joy we gaze,
Nor know which star emits the brightest rays.
Yet if beyond himself he ever flew,
If e'er beyond a mortal's touch he drew,
Amidst the glow that from that purple breaks,
Look on yon Pope, nor wonder if he speaks.
With length of days and fame Maratti blest,
Ne'er wept departed genius from his breast;
But, when just drooping, sinking to the ground,
Spread sportive Loves and laughing Cherubs round;

Ev'n Death, approaching, smil'd, and made a stand,
And gently stole the pencil from his hand.
Thus falls the sun, and, as he fades away,
Gilds all th' horizon with a parting ray.

Next on the gorgeous cabinet we gaze,
Which the full elegance of paint displays;
In strong expressions of each master's mind,
The various beauties of this art we find;
Here vast invention, there the just design,
Here the bold stroke, and there the perfect line;
With ease unequall'd here the drawing flows,
And there inimitable color glows.
With summer here the cloth Bassano warms,
There locks the world in winter's hoary arms,
On the warm view we look with pleas'd amaze,
Then turn to frost, and shudder as we gaze.

Mirth unrestrain'd in rustics humble cells
On chearful Teniers' laughing canvass dwells,
Nor ever are his warm expressions faint,
But laughing we enjoy the comic paint;
Till scenes more horrid break upon our eye,
Effects of Borgognone's too cruel joy.
Strong was his fancy, and his genius good,
But, bred in camps, he mix'd his tints in blood;
Alternate bore the pencil and the sword,
And the same hands that fought, the fight record.

But lo! and let the pious tear be shed,
On the sad cloth the world's great Master dead.
The mother see! in grief amazing drown'd,
And sorrow more than mortal spread around.
What striking attitudes! what strong relief!
We see, we wonder at, we feel the grief.
Who could such power of speaking paint employ?
Own, Parma, own thy darling son with joy;
Still to his memory fresh trophies rear,
Whose life insatiate war itself could spare.
No arms he needed 'midst the fatal strife,
But to his potent pencil ow'd his life,
The wondering soldier dropp'd the lifted sword,
Nor stain'd those hands he only not ador'd.

Now, as Aeneas in the Stygian glades
Wondering beheld departed heroes shades,
Amidst the forms of worthies dead we range,
By eternising paint preserv'd from change.
Here law and learning dwell in Wandesford's face,
While valiant Whartons shine with martial grace;
And the soft females of the race declare
That these no braver were than those were fair;
In garter'd glory drest here Danby stands,
And Laud with air imperious still commands.

The next great form with melancholy eye,
And inauspicious valor, seems to sigh.
Peace to his soul! howe'er 'gainst right he fought,
Be in his dreadful doom his sin forgot;

Too much misled to leave his honor clear,
Too wretched not to claim a generous tear!
A wretch to Virtue's still a sacred thing!
How much more sacred then, a murder'd king!
But be our wrath, as it deserves, applied
To his two guides, still closest to his side,
Laud and the Queen, whose fatal conduct shew,
What bigot zeal and headstrong pride could do.

But see where Kneller now our eye commands
To pictur'd kings, familiar to his hands,
Kings to support a free-born people made,
Kings who but rul'd to bless the lands they sway'd;
Sovereigns, whose inoppressive power has shown,
Freedom and monarchy, well-join'd, are one.

See mighty William's fierce determin'd eye,
Freedom to save, or in her cause to die;
As when on Boyne's important banks he stood,
And as his deeds surpris'd the swelling flood,
All torn and mangled, false Religion fled,
And crush'd Oppression snarl'd beneath his tread.

Next in the steady lines of Brunswick's face,
Majestic manly honesty we trace;
Pleas'd, as on Sarum's plain, with glad accord,
When willing thousands hail'd their new-come lord,
And (far beyond a tyrant's baneful glee)
The king rejoic'd to find his people free.

Good prince, whose age forsook thy native land,
To bless our Albion with thy mild command,
Long may this sacred form of thee remain,
Here plac'd by him whose counsels bless'd thy reign!
And ever may his sons with joy relate,
That he as faithful was as thou wert great!

But now, my Muse, to soberer pomp descend;
And to the cool arcade my steps attend.
Here, when the summer-sun spreads round his ray,
Beneath the bending arch young Zephyrs play,
And, when it farther from our orb retires,
Old Vulcan smiling lights his chearful fires.
Hither the jolly hunter's crew resort,
Talk o'er the day, and re-enjoy their sport.
Here too, with brow unbent, and chearful air,
The mighty statesman oft forgot his care;
Knew friendship's joys, and still attentive hung
On Pelham, Edgecumbe, Devonshire, or Yonge;
In senates form'd or private life to please,
There shar'd his toil, and here partook his ease.

Here by thy stay, my Muse, though pleas'd, not long,
Thy sister Painting claims again my song,
Where thron'd in state the Goddess we descry,
As the gay gallery opens on our eye.
Here in her utmost pomp well-pleas'd she reigns,
Nor weeps her absent Rome or Lombard plains;

Here the great master's genius still survives,
Breathes in the paint, and on the canvass lives.
Whate'er in Nature's forming power is plac'd,
Fair to the eye and luscious to the taste,
Is by our cheated sense with joy perceiv'd,
Nor but by touching are we undeceiv'd.
Pausing, and loth to be convinc'd, we stand,
Lest the fair fruit should suffer from our hand,
Lest the press'd plum our ruder touch should own,
Or swelling peach bewail its injur'd down:
Less dare we to the fish or fowl draw near,
Though tempting, strongly guarded they appear;
Frighted we scarce can brook the horrid looks
Of dogs, and snarling cats, and swearing cooks.
What strokes, what colors, Snyders could command!
How great the power of Rubens' daring hand!
Immortal Rubens! whose capacious mind,
Of the vast art to no one part confin'd,
Pierc'd, like the sun's quick beam, all nature through,
And whatsoe'er the goddess form'd he drew.
See! Mola next the Roman deeds displays,
That bids our hearts be patriot as we gaze.
Here Julio's wondrous buildings still appear,
And swelling domes still seem to rise in air.
Great shade of Poussin! from the Muse receive
All the renown a verse, like hers, can give.
Genius sublime! to reach thy soaring praise,
A Muse like Maro's should renew her lays;

Rival of Raphael! such thy wondrous line,
'Tis next to his; and only not divine.

Ye maids, employ'd in spotless Vesta's sight,
Lend me a beam of your eternal light;
Full on yon' picture throw the sacred ray,
And high imperial chastity display.
See! the great Roman, on his martial throne,
Outdo whate'er in war his arms had done!
See him rise far beyond a soldier's fame,
And Afric's victor but a second name!
Valiant and great he trod the field of blood,
But here is virtuous, bountiful, and good;
Resists the utmost power of female charms,
Feels all their force, yet gives them from his arms,
And, lord of all the passions of his breast,
Defeats ev'n Love, and makes his rival blest.
Wonderful strokes, that through the eye impart
Such various motions to the human heart!
Through it a thousand floating passions move,
We pity, wonder, weep, rejoice, and love.

The moral tale thus exquisitely told,
His colors now diviner truths unfold;
At Horeb's rock in sacred awe we stand,
And pencil'd miracles our faith command.
The mighty law-giver his rod displays,
And the tough flint his potent touch obeys;
Quick into streams dissolves the solid stone,

And floats the waste with waters not its own.
See there the shrivel'd cheek, or languid eye,
Swell into health, or lighten into joy;
As eager crowding in the draught they join,
Reviving thousands bless the stroke divine.
But thou, fair damsel, with distinguish'd worth,
Emblem of filial piety, stand forth;
Forgot her own consuming inward fire,
She lifts untouch'd the vessel to her sire;
With the cool draught his heaving breast relieves,
And, as she sooths his pain, her own deceives.

With scenes too sad Salvator strives to please,
Since what creates our wonder spoils our ease;
We give the wretched prodigal a tear,
And wish his kind forgiving father near.

As on Avernus' banks the hero stood,
Scar'd at the dreary darkness of the wood,
Till through the leaves fair shot th' auspicious light,
And with the branching gold reliev'd his sight;
So rescued from the horrid scene we stand,
By the sweet effluence of Guido's hand.
Soft to the sight his every color flows,
As to the scent the fragrance of the rose.
Pure beams of light around the Virgin play,
Clad in the brightness of celestial day;
Be as they may the broils of fierce divines,
Pure and unspotted here at least she shines.

Thee too, Lorrain, the well-pleas'd Muse should name,
Nor e'er forget Domenichini's fame,
But sudden sorrow stops the flowing line,
And not one smile is found among the nine.
Behold where all the charms that Heaven could give,
Blended in one sweet form still seem to live;
Then sink to tears, nor stop the bursting groan,
When thou art told that all those charms are gone.
Relentless Death, still forcing to the grave
The good, the fair, the virtuous, and the brave,
Here the whole malice of his power put on,
And aim'd a dart that slew them all in one.
How fair, how good, how virtuous was the dame,
A thousand hearts in anguish still proclaim,
How brave her soul, against all fear how tried,
Sad, fatal, proof she gave us when she died.

Thou, then, my Friend, no farther verse demand,
Full swells my breast, and trembling shakes my hand;
And these sad lines conclude my mournful lay,
Since we too once must fall to Death a prey,
May we like Walpole meet the fatal day!

EPISTLE IV.

DESCRIBING A VOYAGE TO

TINTERN-ABBEY,

In Monmouthshire.

FROM

WHITMINSTER

In Gloucestershire.

BY SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

FROM where the Stroud, smooth stream, serenely glides,
We reach the peopled Severn's rapid tides;
Stop, ere we sail; and from this point survey
The hill-encompass'd, sea-resembling bay;
See the ridg'd tide with sober grandeur heave,
And float in triumph o'er the river-wave.
Lo! where it comes, with what extensive sweep,
Like some whale sidelong rolling on the deep.
Wide and more wide, it joins the distant hills
By swift degrees, and the great bason fills.

We sail; now steadily; now gulphs inform
The tumbling waves to imitate a storm.

The rising shores a thousand charms bestow,
Lawns at their feet, and forests on their brow;
The pleasing villas, neighbours to the flood,
The taper spire, and the surrounding wood.

These lines, my C**, read, and pity too
The shadowing pencil to the scene untrue:
See the bright image of thy thought decay'd,
And all its beauties in description fade.

Where to each other the tall banks incline,
And distant cliffs dividing seem to join,
A narrow frith! our gallant Argo's way,
A door that opens to the boundless sea;
What, if some ship with strutting sails come on,
Her wanton streamers waving in the sun!
Just in the midst, as fancy would contrive,
[See the proud vessel o'er the billows drive.]

The streight is past; the waves more strongly beat
The prospects widen, and the shores retreat,
Tritons, and Nereids! how we leave behind
Towns, palaces, and run with tide and wind!
Here, noble Stafford, thy unfinish'd dome,
And thence the long-stretch'd race of Berkeley come
Till tossing, and full feasted more than tir'd,
We change the wilder scene for paths retir'd,
Quit the rough element, and watery strife,
As from a public to a private life,

Seek a calm coast, and up the channel ride,
Where Vaga mingles with Sabrina's tide.

The sister streams, from the same hill their source
Deriving, took, when young, a various course,
And, many a city, many a country seen,
High towers, and walls antique, and meadows green,
Now glad to meet, nor now to part again,
Go hand in hand and slide into the main.

In spite of Time, and War, and Tempest, great,
Ascending Chepstow shews its castled seat,
Beneath slope hills, and by the rolling flood,
Clasp'd in a theatre of aged wood,
With air majestic, to the eye stands forth,
Towering, and, conscious of its pristine worth,
Lifts its sublime decay, in age's pride
Erect, and overlooks the climbing tide.

Pass but some moments, the returning sea
Shall those high-stranded vessels sweep away;
That airy bridge, whence down we look'd with fear,
Will low and level with the flood appear.

The crooked bank still winds to something new,
Oars, scarcely turn'd, diversify the view;
Of trees and stone an intermingled scene,
The shady precipice and rocky green,
Nature behold, to please and to suprize,
Swell into bastions, or in columns rise:

Here sinking spaces with dark boughs o'ergrown,
And there the naked quarries look a town.
At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
Tintern her venerable fabric rears,
While the sun, mildly glancing in decline,
With his last gilding beautifies the shrine:
Enter with reverence her hallow'd gate,
And trace the glorious relics of her state;
The meeting arches, pillar'd walks admire,
Or musing hearken to the silenc'd choir.
Encircling groves diffuse a solemn grace,
And dimly fill th' historic window's place;
While pitying shrubs on the bare summit try
To give the roofless pile a canopy.

Here, O my Friends, along the mossy dome
In pleasurable sadness let us roam:
Look back upon the world in haven safe,
Weep o'er its ruins, at its follies laugh.

EPISTLE V.

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

On the Mines, late of Sir Carbery Price.

FROM

THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

WHAT spacious veins enrich the British soil,
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

O generous Mackworth! could the Muse impart
A labor worthy thy auspicious art;
Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
And secret treasures of the land explore;
Apollo's self should on the labor smile,
And Delphi quit for Britain's fruitful isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
And aged Dovey in the ocean 's lost,

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears;
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
To guard the treasures she conceals below.
For Earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room;
Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
And mountains swell to a portentous size.
Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
The sullen earth a gloomy surface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects supplies,
Indulgent oft to what her sons despise:
Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
The noblest treasure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whose indulgent womb,
Such unexhausted stores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auspicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
In Dovey's flood his rivall'd empire's lost;
Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
Dispersing blessings wheresoe'er it flows;
Whose native treasure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The antient Britons are a hardy race,
Averse to luxury and slothful ease;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wisely does nature such an offspring choose,
Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
And thro' the earth their branching veins pursue.

As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost;
To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
The strength design'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make reprisals on the grasping main;
Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the storms before.
The miner thus thro' perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea;
Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
Resolv'd to conquer, tho' he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades:
He cuts thro' mountains, subterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes,
Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.

Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And, as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Aetna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return:
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labor still exhaust the gains:
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labor at thy mine;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my Muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades, and bounteous realms invite;
I first of British bards invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Thro' dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundless store;
The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active sun, with chymic flames,
Thro' porous earth transmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light:

On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labors in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams;
Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preserve their beauty, and return the same;
Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the basis of the earth were made;
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid:
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat sprung alone.

Nature in specious beds preserves her store,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The spreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
The lesser streams that round its fountain rise;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents stray.

Methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:

About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
And make the circle of its parent sun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest!
Enrich'd with more than all the distant west!
Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,
Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
Supplied with richer from their native soil.
To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home,
To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
And wish in vain to see our sails return;
Like misers heaping up their useless store,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
The suppliant nations shall implore our aid:
Till thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
Thus sacred verse transmits the story down:
Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful nine,
His song was sacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
His wonderous verse restrain'd the listening flood;

The stream's bright Goddess rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful shepherd led.
Her swift-decending steps the youth pursues,
And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.
In beds distinct the well-rang'd metals lay,
Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking sight;
Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode:
Profuse of rays, and with unrivall'd beams,
The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams:
Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddess spake; harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd these treasures lie in nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero shall ascend the British throne,
Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
Rich with the spoils of learning's various store,
Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with success, shall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;

The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.

O Youth, reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the state!
By wars impoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds supplies;
Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
Not war can lavish more than thou canst give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The muse's darling, and the boast of fame;
No greater virtues on record shall stand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

EPISTLE VI.

ADDRESSED TO

TWO LADIES,

AT THEIR RETURN FROM VIEWING THE MINES NEAR WHITEHAVEN.

BY J. DALTON, D. D.

WELCOME to light, advent'rous Pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From sulph'rous damps in caverns deep,
Where subterranean thunders sleep,
Or, wak'd with dire Aetnean sound
Bellow the trembling mountain round,
Till to the frighted realms of day
Thro' flaming mouths they force their way;
From bursting streams, and burning rocks,
From nature's fierce intestine shocks;
From the dark mansions of despair,
Welcome once more to light and air!

But why explore that world of night
Conceal'd till then from female sight?
Such grace and beauty why confine
One moment to a dreary mine?

Was it because your curious eye
The secrets of the earth would spy,
How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
How bubbling fountains learn to flow?

Or rather that the sons of day
Already own'd your rightful sway,
And therefore, like young Ammon, You
Another world would fain subdue?

What tho' sage Prospero attend,
While You the cavern'd hill descend,
Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
You shun the shelving roof, and tread
With cautious foot the rugged way,
While tapers strive to mimic day?
Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
The Daemons of the mine restrains,
To whom their parent, jealous Earth,
To guard her hidden stores gave birth,
At which, while kindred Furies sung,
With hideous joy pale Orcus rung;
Tho' boiling with vain rage they sit
Fix'd to the bottom of the pit,
While at his beck the Spirits of air
With breath of heaven their taints repair;
Or if they seek superior skies,
Thro' ways assign'd by him they rise,
Troop after troop at day expire
In torments of perpetual fire;

Tho' he with fury-quelling charms
The whole Infernal Host disarms,
And summons to your guarded sides
A squadron of Aetherial Guides,
You still, when we together view
The dreadful enterprize and You,
The public care and wonder go
Of all above and all below.

For at your presence toil is o'er,
The restless miner works no more.
Nor strikes the flint, nor whirls the steel
Of that strange spark-emitting wheel,
Which, form'd by Prospero's magic care,
Plays harmless in the sulphurous air,
Without a flame diffuses light,
And makes the grisly cavern bright.
His task secure the miner plies,
Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise;
But quits it now, and hastes away
To this great Stygian holiday.

Agape the sooty collier stands,
His axe suspended in his hands,
His Aethiopian teeth the while
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile,"
To see two Goddesses so fair
Descend to him from fields of air.
Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
Of gloomy Dis, infernal God,

With pity when th' Orphean lyre
Did every iron heart inspire,
Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heavenly strains,
And respited eternal pains.

But on You move thro' ways less steep
To loftier chambers of the deep,
Whose jetty pillars seem to groan
Beneath a ponderous roof of stone.
Then with increasing wonder gaze,
The dark inextricable maze,
Where cavern crossing cavern meets,
(City of subterraneous streets!)
Where in a triple story end
Mines that o'er mines by flights ascend.

But who in order can relate
What terror still your steps await?
How issuing from the sulphurous coal
Thick Acherontic rivers roll?
How in close center of these mines,
Where orient morning never shines,
Nor the wing'd Zephyrs e'er resort,
Infernal darkness holds her court?
How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow,
Thro' her grim sultry realm You go,
Till purer rising gales dispense
Their cordials to the sickening sense?

Your progress next the wondering Muse
Thro' narrow galleries pursues;
Where Earth the miner's way to close,
Did once the massy rock oppose:
In vain, his daring axe he heaves,
Tow'rds the black vein a passage cleaves:
Dissever'd by the nitrous blast,
The stubborn barrier bursts at last.
Thus urg'd by Hunger's clamorous call,
Incessant Labor conquers all.

In spacious rooms once more You tread,
Whose roofs with figures quaint o'erspread
Wild Nature paints with various dyes,
With such as tinge the evening skies.

A different scene to this succeeds:
The dreary road abruptly leads
Down to the cold and humid caves,
Where hissing fall the turbid waves.
Resounding deep thro' glimmering shades
The clank of chains your ears invades.
Thro' pits profound from distant day,
Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
High on huge axis heav'd, above,
See balane'd beams unweary'd move!
While pent within the iron womb
Of boiling caldrons pants for room,
Expanded steam, and shrinks, or swells,
As cold restrains, or heat impells,

And, ready for the vacant space,
Incumbent air resumes his place,
Depressing with stupendous force
Whate'er resists his downward course.
Pumps mov'd by rods from ponderous beams
Arrest the unsuspecting streams,
Which soon a sluggish pool would lie;
Then spout them foaming to the sky.

Sagacious Savery! taught by thee
Discordant elements agree,
Fire, water, air, heat, cold, unite,
And listed in one service fight,
Pure streams to thirsty cities send,
Or deepest mines from floods defend.
Man's richest gift thy work will shine;
Rome's aquaeducts were poor to thine!

At last the long descent is o'er;
Above your heads the billows roar:
High o'er your heads they roar in vain;
Not all the surges of the main
The dark recess can e'er disclose,
Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppose;
Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
With interposing roof divides!

From such abyss restor'd to light,
Invade no more the realms of night.

For Heroines it may well suffice
Once to have left these azure skies.
Heroes themselves, in days of yore,
Bold as they were, achiev'd no more.
Without a dread descent you may
The mines in their effects survey,
And with an easy eye look down
On that fair port and happy town.

Where late along the naked strand
The fisher's cot did lonely stand,
And his poor bark unshelter'd lay,
Of every swelling surge the prey,
Now lofty piers their arms extend,
And with their strong embraces bend
Round crowded fleets, which safe defy
All storms that rend the wintry sky,
And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
The fury of the roaring main.
The peopled vale fair dwellings fill,
And length'ning streets ascend the hill;
Where Industry, intent to thrive,
Brings all her honey to the hive;
Religion strikes with reverent awe,
Example works th' effect of law,
And Plenty's flowing cup we see
Untainted yet by luxury.

These are the glories of the mine!
Creative Commerce, these are thine!

Here while delighted, You impart
Delight to every eye and heart;
Behold, grown jealous of your stay,
Your native stream his charms display,
To court you to his banks again;
Now wind in wanton waves his train,
Now spread into a chrystal plain;
Then hid by pendent rocks would steal,
But tuneful falls his course reveal,
As down the bending vales he roves
Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholm's groves;
Whose broad o'erspreading boughs beneath
Warbling he flows, while Zephyrs breathe.

Here softly swells the spacious lawn,
Where bounds the buck, and skips the fawn,
Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groups enjoy the breeze.

Amid yon sunny plain, alone,
To patriarchal reverence grown,
An oak for many an age has stood
Himself a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with swift decay,
Race after race, have pass'd away.
See still his central trunk sustain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain,
And hospitable shade inclose,
Where flocks and herbs at ease repose!

There the brown fells ascend the sky,
Below, the green inclosures lie;
Along their sloping sides supine
The peaceful villages recline:
On azure roofs bright sun-beams play,
And make the meanest dwelling gay.
Thus oft the wise all-ruling Mind
Is to the lowly cottage kind;
Bids there his beams of favor fall,
While Sorrow crowds the lofty hall;
That this may fear his awful frown,
And grateful that his goodness own.

If, grown familiar to the sight,
Lowther itself should less delight,
Then change the scene: to Nature's pride,
Sweet Keswick's vale, the Muse will guide.
The Muse, who trod th' inchanted ground,
Who sail'd the wonderous lake around,
With You will haste once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

From savage parent, gentle stream!
Be thou the Muse's favorite theme:
O soft insinuating glide
Silent along the meadow's side,
Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
Resplendent all thro' fluid glass,
Unless upon thy yielding breast
Their painted heads the lilies rest,

To where in deep capacious bed
The widely liquid lake is spread.

Let other streams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore,
Rush raving on with boisterous sweep,
And foaming rend the frighted deep,
Thy gentle Genius shrinks away
From such a rude unequal fray;
Thro' thine own native dale, where rise
Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,
Soften the horrors of the scene,
And thro' confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts your mind.
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd,
The cragged cliff, impendent wood,
Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale
O'er the cap'd hill, and darken'd vale;
The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round th' aerial ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy sky,
With full expanded pennons fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey

Thence with death-dooming eye survey:
Channels by rocky torrents torn,
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,
To start again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleasing, tho' an awful sight:
For, seen with them, the verdant Isles
Soften with more delicious smiles,
More tempting twine their opening bowers,
More lively glow the purple flowers,
More smoothly slopes the border gay,
In fairer circle bends the bay,
And last, to fix our wandering eyes,
Thy roofs, O Keswick, brighter rise
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail!,
To whom all Britain sinks a vale!
Lo, his imperial brow I see
From foul usurping vapors free!
'Twere glorious now his side to climb,
Boldly to scale his top sublime!
And thence—my Muse, these flights forbear,
Nor with wild raptures tire the Fair.
Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
The subject of thy rambling song.

Far other scenes their minds employ,
And move their hearts with softer joy.
For pleasures they need never roam,
Theirs with affection dwell, at home.
Thrice happy they at home to prove
A Parent's and a Brother's love;
Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
Learn every virtue, every grace,
Which lustre give in female life
To daughter, sister, parent, wife:
Grateful to see her guardian care
A tender Father's loss repair,
And, rising far o'er grief and pain,
The glories of her race maintain.

Their ancient seats let others fly,
To roll beneath a foreign sky,
Or loitering in their villas stay,
Till useless summers waste away,
While, hopeless of their lord's return,
The poor exhausted tenants mourn;
From Lowther she disdains to run
To bask beneath a southern sun,
Opens the hospitable door,
Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor;
Bids tenants share the lib'ral board,
And early know and love their Lord,
Whose courteous deeds to all extend,
And make each happy guest a friend,
To smiling Earth the grateful Main

Thus gives her gather'd streams again
In showers on hill, and dale, and plain.

O may the virtues which adorn
With modest beams his rising morn,
Unclouded grow to perfect day!
May He with bounty's brightest ray
The natives chear, enrich the soil,
With arts improve, reward their toil,
Glad with kind warmth, our northern sky,
And generous Lonsdale's loss supply.

EPISTLE VII.

(WRITTEN IN THE CLOSE OF WINTER)

TO A

FRIEND,

JUST LEAVING A FAVORITE RETIREMENT,

Previous to settling abroad.

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL HENLEY,
F. S. A.

ERE yet your footsteps quit the place
Your presence long hath deign'd to grace,
With softening eye and heart deplore
The conscious scenes your own no more.

When vernal clouds their influence shower,
Expand the bud, and rear the flower,
Who to yon leafing grove will come
Where the rath primrose loves to bloom,
And fondly seek with heedful tread
The forward floret's downy head?
Or, when the violet leaves the ground,
Scent the pure perfume breathing round?

The garden tribes that gladlier grew
While cherish'd by your fostering view,
No more resume their wonted hues,
No more their wonted sweets diffuse.

Who first will spy the swallow's wing,
Or hear the cuckoo greet the Spring?
Unmark'd shall then th' assiduous dove
With ruffling plumage urge his love;
Unnoted, though in lengthen'd strain,
The bashful nightingale complain!

O'er the broad down who then delight,
Led by the lapwing's devious flight,
To see her run and hear her cry,
Most clamorous when least danger 's nigh?

Who listless now will sauntering stay
Where rustics spread th' unwither'd hay,
And o'er the field survey askance
The wavy vapor quivering dance?
Or sunk supine with musing eye
Listen the hum of noon-day fly?
Or watch the bee from bell to bell
Where shelter'd lilies edge the dell?
Or mid the sultry heat reclin'd
Beneath the poplar woo the wind,
While to the lightest air that strays
Each leaf its hoary side displays?

Who, drawn by Nature's varying face,
O'er heaven the gathering tempest trace?
Or, in the rear of sunny rain,
Admire the wide bow's gorgeous train;
Till blending all its tints decay,
And the dim'd vision fleets away
In misty streams of ruddy glow
That cast an amber shine below,
And melting into ether blue
The freshen'd verdure gild anew?

Who now ascend the upland lawn
When Morning tines the kindling dawn,
To view the goss'mer pearl'd with dew
That tremulous shoots each glistering hue?
Or mark the clouds in liveries gay
Surround the radiant orb of day?
Who, when his amplest course is run,
Wistful pursue the sinking sun?
To common eyes he vainly shines,
Unheeded rises, or declines!

In vain, with saffron light o'erspread,
Yon summit lifts its verdant head,
Discovering ev'ry whiten'd cote
And coppice, clear to eye remote;
While down the steep each loftier oak,
Outbraving still the woodman's stroke,

Detains, athwart th' impurpling haze,
The golden glance of westering rays.

The rook-lov'd groves and grange between,
Dark hedge-row elms with meadows green,
The grey church peeping half through trees,
Slopes waving corn as list the breeze,
The podding bean-field striped with balks,
The hurdled sheep-fold, hoof-trod walks,
The road that winds aslant the down,
The skirting furze-brake, fallow brown,
The wind-mill's scarcely circling vane,
The villager's returning wain,
The orient window's crimson blaze
That flares obtrusive on the gaze,
The eager heifer's echoing low
Far from her calf compell'd to go,
From the tall ash the throstle's lay
That bids farewell to lingering day,
The dale's blue smokes that curling rise,
The plodding hind that homeward hies,
The stilly hum from glimmering woods,
The lulling lapse of distant floods,
The whitening mist that winding spreads
As winds the brook adown the meads,
The plank and rail that bridge the stream,
The rising full-moon's umber'd gleam,
Twixt severing clouds that richly dight
Let gradual forth her brightening light,

No more the onward foot beguile
Where pollards rude protect the stile.

Whose look now scans the dusky sphere
To note successive stars appear?
Who now the dawning flush descries
That upward streams o'er northern skies;
Or the wan meteor's lurid light
That headlong trailing mocks the sight?

Midst the lush grass who now require
The glow-worm's ineffectual fire?
Or catch the bells from distant vale,
That load by fits the freshening gale,
Till flurrying from her ivied spray
The moping owl rewings her way?
When Autumn sere the copse invades
No more you haunt the woodland glades,
To eye the change from bough to bough;
Or eddying leaf descending slow,
That, lighting near her calm retreat,
Prompts the shy hare to shift her seat;
Or peering squirrel nimbly glean
Each nut that hung before unseen;
Or flitting down from thistle born;
Or glossy haw that crowds the thorn,
Whence oft in saws observers old
Portend the length of winter's cold.

Wak'd by the flail's redoubling sound,
When spangling frost o'ercrisps the ground,
No more forego bewildering sleep
To climb with Health yon airy steep.

When deepening snows oppress the plain
The birds no more their boon obtain;
The red-breast hovering round your doors
No more his stated mess implores
Where all that needed found relief,
No tearful eye laments their grief;
No lenient hand dispels their pain;
Fainting they sue, yet sue in vain.

But though the scenes you now deplore
With heart and eye be your's no more;
Though now each long known object seen
Unreal as the morning's dream,
You still with retrospective glance,
Or rapt in some poetic transe,
At will may ev'ry charm renew;
Each smiling prospect still review:
Through memory's power and fancy's aid
The pictur'd phantoms ne'er shall fade.

And, oh! where e'er your footsteps roam,
Where e'er you fix your future home,
May joys attending crown the past,
And heaven's best mansion be your last.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.

FROM

GILBERT WHITE, M. A.

THE

NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING WA

------equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium. Virg.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or strea
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed
Then be the hour to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing:
Amusive birds!—say where 's your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat?

Whence your return, by such nice instinct led
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head!
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The GOD OF NATURE is your secret guide!
While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day
To yonder bench leaf-shelter'd let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-owl hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While high in air and pois'd upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft-enamor'd woodlark sings:
These, NATURE's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er each cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoaking through the trees.
The chilling night-dews fall:—away, retire;
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire!

Thus, ere night's veil had half obscur'd the sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.

EPISTLE IX.

THE

ACADEMIC SPORTSMAN;

OR,

A WINTER's DAY.

BY THE REV. GERALD FITZGERALD.

THE feather'd game that haunt the hoary plains,
Where ice-bound winter hangs in chrystal chains,
The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun
By lightning usher'd and by death outrun,
The spaniel springing on the new-fall'n prey,
The friend attendant and the spirits gay;
These are the scenes which lur'd my earliest days,
And scenes like these continue still to please.

Oft when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
Brace the slack nerves and animate the man:
Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
(For studious cares solicit something new)
From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
And letter'd trophies of three thousand years;

Through length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
The fatal tube depending at my side;
No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
No rattling carriage drives me to the wall;
The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
In silence frown like mansions of the dead—
Save, where the sooty-shrouded wretch cries "Sweep,"
Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame—
Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
With tott'ring steps, comes reeling to and fro—
Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
Stare in his face, and stupify his sight!
Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold!—
Amphibious wretch! the prey of passion's tide,
The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my Friend, with aims far diff'rent born,
Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn;
With sturdy sinews brush the frozen snow,
While crimson colors on our faces glow.
Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of health to man.

To yonder vales that spread beneath the hills,
Where MILTOWN river winds with murm'ring rills

Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
And right and left with anxious care attend;
The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
Scents every leaf that on the margin grows,
Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plashy spring!
The frighted snipe darts upward on the wing,
With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
In vain! for death e'en persecutes him there—
Another springs! but, happier in his flight,
'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun, and panting still for breath,
With arms recruited for the work of death,
Pleas'd we behold the gay transparent gleam
Of frozen lake, that skirts the purling stream,
With inlaid figures and mosaic wrought,
With margin rich, and lucid pendants fraught—

'Till lively Ranger chides our long delay,
Gambols around, then forward springs away.

Heaven! what delights my active mind renew,
When out-spread nature opens to my view,
The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light;
The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way;
The morning breeze in milder air retires,
And rising rapture all my bosom fires,

In incence wafted to the throne on high,
To Him who form'd the earth—the air—the sky,
Who gives me health and vigor to enjoy,
Guides me e'en now, and guarded when a boy—
Accept, great GOD! the fervor of my prayer,
And, as before, continue still thy care,
Oft as I view thee in creation's dress,
Be mine to praise thee, as 'tis thine to bless.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
The wary woodcock rustles through the brakes,
With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force;
Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;
'Till chance decides the long-contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varnish'd dye,
The tortoise-color'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill that steers his vent'rous way
From Northern climes, and dar'd the boisterous sea;

To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigor fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden! he sees the roving INDIAN nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
'Till, arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.
Unhappy man! who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone;
In vain! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

But why, my Muse! when livelier themes I sought,
Why change the rural scenes to sober thought?
Why rouse the patriot ardor in my breast,
Useless its glow, when FREEDOM droops deprest?
Not mine to combat lux'ry's lordly stride,
My humble lot forbids th' aspiring pride,
Forbids to stop Depopulation's hand
That crushes industry, and frights the land,
That robs the poor of half their little store,
And insurrection spreads from shore to shore.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of Sovereigns to attend;
Be mine the care to range this ample field,
Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,
Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
And purge the aether with successive fire,
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouse my Friend that lingering stays behind.
Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains,
The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

Oh friendship! name for ever lov'd, ador'd,
Thou richest gift, which heaven for man has stor'd,
To me more dear, congenial to my breast,
Than all the hoards and honors of the East;
Whene'er through life's more arduous paths I ben
Be there to guide, and aid me to my end;
Or when the sports of rural scenes I try,
With converse sweet each interval supply;
In all extremes of business or of ease,
Be there to comfort, and be here to please;
Unlock the sluices of my flowing heart,
And to its course thy genial warmth impart,
Augment its stream, refine it as it flows,
'Till fair creation its clear current shews—
May no rude passions toss it into foam;
Nor restless commerce on its bosom roam;

But chear'd by brightning science may it run,
No cares to ruffle, and no rocks to shun;
Or glide sequester'd through SILVANUS' shades,
The flocks of PAN, and FLORA's flowery meads,
While the pleas'd MUSES, with auspicious smile,
Breathe pastoral music, and the time beguile.

And thou, dear spaniel! friend in other form!
Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
Lives in each look, and vibrates through thy frame;
And thou, dear pointer! never devious stray,
But search the plains inquisitively gay.
With length'ned side and sapient nose inhale
The floating vapor of the scented gale—
Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year
By LIBRA weigh'd rewarded CERES' care,
Through new-shorn fields with active vigor bound,
Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;
Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
With keenest attitude, the timorous prey;
Then, statue like, with lifted foot proclaim
The Partridge near, and certify the game—
Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue,
Be still attendant, and be still in view.

Now had the sun, in noon-tide robes array'd
Of fleecy clouds, the subject world survey'd;
Onward we move, to gain the mountain's side,

That East and West attends in solemn pride,
With lofty head that breathes the gelid gale,
Browbeats the city, and o'erlooks the vale;
Adown its face the trickling riv'lets run,
Spread at his feet, and bathe them in the sun;
These to disclose we trace the rugged soil,
And many a shot repays the pleasing toil;
'Till tir'd at length with new-discover'd game,
We mark the course reserv'd for future fame.

As when the Spaniards, with unceasing pains,
Through Chili rov'd to Charcas' barren plains,
Approach'd Potosi's arduous height, that boasts
The richest treasures of the southern coasts;
The latent veins they labor to explore
Of pregnant mines that teem with sparkling ore,
With rising rapture spring them into day,
And, flush'd with pleasure, plan their future swa

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
Demands a thought for respite and for rest,
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie;
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
The splendid domes, that emulously rise;
The lowly hamlets scatter'd here and there,
That scarcely swell to breathe refreshing air;
The hedge row'd hills, and intermingled vales,
The distant villas fann'd by floating gales;

And eastward still, the wide extended main,
By commerce cover'd, awes the solemn scene.

These to behold may please the vacant mind,
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
That yonder smokes by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd;
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd;
The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
The new-laid egg, that 's dress'd with nicest care;
The milky store, for cream collected first,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
While crackling faggots brightening as they burn,
Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lambkin dear that frisks about the house—
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal;
Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the dye which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,

Of honest front: salutes with rustic gait,
Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
'Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see:
Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
He seeks from labor, and he gains from health;
Then talks of sport; how many wild ducks seen!
What flocks of widgeon too had fledg'd the green!
'Till every 'prentice dar'd the city shun,
Range the wide field, and lift the level gun.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
The hasty evening calls us from the cot;
A small gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a blessing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye Proud! disdain their state to hear,
The state of Nature crowns their frugal cheer;
Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—
To you unknown their labors and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives calm current flows without a name.

With limbs refresh'd, with lively tales and gay,
We homeward haste, and guile the tedious way;
Each object view in wintery dress around,
And eye the dogs that wanton o'er the ground;

The pensive red-breast on the leafless bough,
And just beneath, the fragrance-breathing cow;
While, still more grateful, with her cleanly pail,
The ruddy milkmaid hears a tender tale
From the lov'd swain, who swells th' alternate sigh,
Leans on his staff, and lures her sidelong eye,
With artless guise, his passion to impart,
With looks that speak the language of his heart—
Her's was the sweetness of the milk she press'd,
And his the fervor of the sweets caress'd;
A Daphne she, with rural grace attir'd,
A Damon he, with faithful love inspir'd:
Thrice happy Pair! whom guiltless joys adorn,
Pure as the eve, and constant as the morn;
No pride-born cares, to frustrate or control
Your mutual vows responsive to the soul,
'Till sacred Hymen binds the nuptial band,
And blends your lives, a blessing to the land.

Hence, Contemplation lifts th' internal eye,
Fix'd on the love of Providence on high,
That still impartial through the world extends
In bounteous blessings vary'd to their ends;
From the rich Ukrain to Siberia's snow,
Adapted sweets in every climate grow;
The rude Tongusian, quiver'd for the chace,
Feels joys unknown to Persia's splendid race,
Through wilds immense pursues the savage brood,
At once his pride, his raiment and his food;

No difference proves, but what from fancy springs,
'Twixt tented Tartars, and empalac'd Kings—
But soon the visionary scene withdraws,
And active sports solicit new applause,
For yonder come—yet distant to the eye,
The vagrant Plover wafted through the sky;
Swift to the hedge, on different sides we run,
That skirt the copse, and hide the deadly gun;
Onward they move, regardless of their state,
A single guide conducts them to their fate,
The sudden thunder bursts upon their head,
The foremost fall, and all the rest are fled.

Thus where its forests vast Niagara spreads,
And wild Oswego all its horror sheds,
The sons of Britain march'd in vent'rous pride,
No foe to front them, and no caution guide,
'Till every tree with hidden rage conspires,
And every shrub emits destructive fires;
What could they do? or where the vengeance fly?
They wheel—they drop—and all or run or die;
The gun relentless no compassion shews,
And no respect of different objects knows;
Alike regardless, when its fury 's stirr'd,
Of man or beast—a Braddock or a bird.

But while I thus its dire effects attend,
'Tis man alone must answer for the end;
The gun, like riches, claims no genuine use,

But, just as rul'd, will good or ill produce,
Whether it rolls the raging tide of war,
Or only frights the tenants of the air,
For empire level'd, or for health caress'd,
The motive, not the mean, is curs'd or blest.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day;
A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And scarce distinct the distant town appears—
Back to our mind, in swift succession, throng
(To cheat the time and steal the road along)
The various sports of all the summer past,
When lingering long-vacation came at last;
Imagination fondly sports to tell,
How many grouse! how many partridge fell!
And quick transports me, gladden'd as I go,
Where the proud Gaulties lift their awful brow,
Oft did I there with lively spirits run,
Mount on their back to meet the rising sun,
When toiling, panting, labor-spent and slow,
I stopp'd to breathe;—and view'd the plains below,
And thee, dear village! loveliest of the clime,
Fain would I name thee, but I can't in rhime,
When first my years in youthful pleasures past,
And where in age I hope to die at last;
Fain would I dwell upon thy native charms,
Thy verdant hills and cultivated farms—
But sudden rous'd, I see the pointers wind,
My brother-sportsmen pressing close behind,

The grumbling heathcock feels an instant w
Adown he falls, and thuds against the groun
Again, methinks I see the service spread,
The cold provisions on the cakes of bread
The mountain stream, of babbling accents ni
My couch the heath, my canopy the sky,
Aeneas-like, I eagerly devour
The plates themselves—the quarter'd cakes
Like him arise new conquests to pursue,
Then end my toil and tell of all I knew.

So at the close of toilsome, hardy life,
The veteran soldier brags of glorious strife,
What dangers past, what cities he had seen,
What battles fought, when thousands str
green,
'Till fancy-warm'd he seems to fight them c
And, tir'd at last, he braves and boasts no n

Blest with the view of Stephen's-green at
Amusive fancy paints its pleasures past;
Where shady walks entice the noon-tide gal
And whisp'ring lovers' softly-sighing tale;
The ogling belle, the pert and powder'd bea
And dame delighted pretty miss to shew;
The trader trim, that struts with vacant air
To catch the breeze, or captivate the fair—
But now no more Florillus glads the green,
Lucinda's gone, and desolates the scene.

The rising moon with delegated sway,
Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the busy tumults of the street—
With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
And bloody news from lungs horrific pours;
The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd, with love's fantastic joy;
The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that shews
Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose;
While close behind the shivering female strays,
Parted from virtue, innocence and ease—
See once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
Through all the village known for spotless fame,
Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name;
'Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit;
There perish'd grace, her guardian honor fled,
And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead!
Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
She wanders now to every vice a prey—
A prey to yonder terror of the night,
(Avert, ye Gods! such monsters from my sight)
The bully dire: whose front the furies swell,
And scars dishonest mark the son of hell—
In vain! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face;

To scenes Tartarean, see! the wretches hie,
Where, drench'd in vice, they rave—they rot-

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil
Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign
Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of we
And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of healt
Where undisturb'd, unenvy'd, unconfin'd,
Calm Reason rules each moment of the mind
Where mock'd Ambition seeks her last retrea
And proves the world a bubble or a cheat.

Through clam'rous streets at length by cau
Lo! Alma Mater rears her reverend head,
Unfolds the portals of her awful courts,
Where, nurs'd by Science, future fame resort
Pleas'd we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,
And hot repast that gives content and ease;
While keenest appetites a zest bestow,
Which listless luxury can never know;
The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our far
We next the jug of cordial punch prepare;
Or purple claret sparkling as we pour,
Nectareous juice! to chear the social hour,
When toil declining claims refreshment's smi
And mirthful innocence the time beguiles.

With conscious joy our nets we then review
And all the conquests of the day renew,

Boast of our skill, and palliate where it fails,
For e'en in trifles human pride prevails—
Not to ourselves the feather'd spoil confine,
But range them round for friendship's sacred shrine;
The rural bliss redoubles in our breast,
In pleasing others when ourselves are blest:
Nor you, my Friends! disdain what you adore,
We gave with pleasure, and would give you more;
Our off'ring take, and as we wish survey
The grateful produce of a Winter's day.

EPISTLE X.

FROM THE HONORABLE

CHARLES FOX,

Partridge-Shooting.

TO THE HONORABLE

JOHN TOWNSHEND,

Cruising.

BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

WHILE you, dear Townshend, o'er the billow
Mulgrave in front, and Hanger by your side,
Me it delights the woods and wilds to court,
For rustic feats and unambitious sport.

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,
When the last, ling'ring, clubs to bed retire,
I rise!—how should I then thy feelings shock,
Unshav'd, unpowder'd, in my shooting frock!
"What frock?" thou criest—I'll tell thee—brown;
Trimm'd to a jacket, with the skirts cut down.
Thou laugh'st; I know, thou dost; but chec sneer;

What tho' no fashion'd sportsman I appear,
Yet hence thy Charles's voice gains shriller force;
Ah! Jack, if Dunning shot, he'd not be hoarse,

Nor deem ev'n here the cares of state forgot,
I wad with gazettes ev'ry second shot:
Almon's bold sheets the intervals supply;
And still, methinks, his charges farthest fly.

Oft too, while all around my pointers stray,
With patriot names I cheer them on their way:
No servile ministerial runners they!
Not Ranger then, but Washington, I cry;
Hey on! Paul Jones, re-echoes to the sky:
Toho! old Franklin—Silas Deane, take heed!—
Cheer'd with the sound, o'er hills and dales they speed:
Till one, to whose quick sense and practis'd skill
His active followers yield a hasty will,
Touch'd by the scent the passing gales convey,
With startled vigilance presumes the prey:
The rest a disciplin'd subservience keep;
Dash where he runs, and as he crouches, creep:
At length the hostile league one point avow:
Now places, places! order, order, now!
"Bunb'ry! let me (I cry) for party's sake,
"Teach thee where best to aim, what ground to take."

And see, a young bird rises, weak and slow;
"At him, Sir Charles!"—He fires, and lays him low—
Scar'd at the sound, up the full covey springs;
Richard at random fires, and only *wings*:
Not so thy Charles; intent with half-clos'd sight,
Cautious I watch their veteran leader's flight:
At him I aim, the covey's head and guide;
I fire; but ah! too plainly on one side:
Again I try, like *rising to explain*,
A double barrel's force, but try in vain;
Against myself the heated tube recoils,
Nor gains one feather to requite my toils.

But if too soon the startled covey rise,
And move a *previous question* in the skies,
My faithful groom quick marks them as they spring,
And counts their noses, undeceiv'd as Byng:
Whether in close array, and *nemini con*,
To their old beaten ground the covey's gone;
Or, scattering wild, in petty parties fall,
Some to *pair off*, and some to wait a *call*.

Thus from each kindred image, fancy draws
The latent emblem of a nobler cause.
If chance, a stray, lone, bird my course invites,
I think of Meredith, and proselytes;
Mean, mangled, game not for itself I prize;
Vengeance and Palliser to memory rise.

Some senatorial type ev'n Pointers yield;
One loves too narrow, one too wide a field;
This creeps below, that springs above his work,
As Hartley slow, or uncontrol'd as Burke.
With rav'nous ardor some devour the prey;
O gentle Sawbridge, lash such fiends away!
Others, with puzzling zeal, small objects mark;
Judicious Luttrell, bid them *ware a lark!*

But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,
With spruce cockade, heroically smart,
Come, and once more together let us greet
The long lost pleasures of St. James's Street.
Enough o'er stubbles have I deign'd to tread;
Too long wer't thou at anchor, at Spithead!

Come, happy Friend! to hail thy wish'd return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn,
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardors flash from Beauty's eyes.
Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand,
Pride of Fop-alley, tho' a little tann'd:
What tender joy the gazing Nymphs disclose!
How pine with envy the neglected Beaux!
While many a feeble frown and struggling smile,
Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil,
And seem with reprehensive love to say,
"Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore didst thou stray!
"What fatal havoc might one shot have made,
"If not thy life, thy leg the forfeit paid!

" That shot thy foretop might have made it's prey,
" Or sing'd one dear devoted curl away;
" Or lopp'd that hand, the pride of love and lace;
" Or scarr'd, with bolder sacrilege, thy face."

Soon as to Brooks's thence thy footsteps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon rap his box; auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine;
See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,
And Friendship give what cruel Health denies.
Important Townshend! what can thee withstand?
The ling'ring black-ball lags in Boothby's hand;
Ev'n Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due,
That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you.
Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste;
Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,
And, know, I've bought the best Champaigne from Brooks;
From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill,
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill;
Who, nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid!

On that auspicious night, supremely grac'd
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste,

Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,
Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours; far happier themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams.
Each *beauty* that *sublimity* can boast
He best shall tell, who still unites them most.
Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate;
If Sheridan for once be not too late:
But scarce a thought to Ministers we'll spare,
Unless on Polish Politics, with Hare:
Good-natur'd Devon! oft shall then appear
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer:
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.
And while each guest attends our varied feats
Of scatter'd covies and retreating fleets,
Me shall they wish some better sport to gain,
And Thee more glory from the next campaign.

EPISTLE XI.

THE PROJECT.

TO THE

REV. DEAN TUCKER.

By the Same.

> Verum, ubi, tempestas, et coeli mobilis humor
> Mutavere vias, et Jupiter uvidus Austris
> Densat erant quae rara modo, et quae densa, relaxat,
> Vertuntur species animorum.---------- Virg.

SINCE sage philosophers aver,
That *climate* forms the *character*;
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,
Just as its air is hot or cold;
What schemes might crafty statesmen lay,
If such a system they'd obey?

Suppose the Turks, who now agree
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,
Should build an ice house, to debate
More *cooly* on affairs of state,
Might not some Mussulmen be brought,
To brace their minds, not shrink at thought

How, as their blood began to cool,
Would nature scorn despotic rule?
The silken sons of slavish ease,
Wou'd glow for freedom, while they *freeze*;
And, in proportion to the coldness,
Discover latent fire and boldness.

For thus 'tis Montesquieu explains
The power of air upon the veins;
The short'ning fibres brac'd by cold,
The blood flies back, the heart grows bold;
Relax'd by heat, their force declines,
The spirits droop, the being pines:
'Till, quite o'erpow'r'd, the sick'ning soul
Yields to the atmosphere's control.
Thus air each impulse can impart,
To that *thermometer*, the heart.

Thanks, mighty Jove, thy sovereign care,
Environs us with Northern air!
Our atmosphere to honor leads,
Inspires the breast to hardy deeds;
The heart beats quick;—the spirits rise;
All which our *latitude* supplies.
Yet, (for extremes ev'n virtue mar)
We sometimes carry ours too far:
When winter winds too chilly pierce,
We grow impatient, wild and fierce;
While every softer virtue flies,
To gentler climes, and milder skies.

To moderate this bold extreme,
Is oft the philosophic theme;
Sense, wit, and policy combine;
But still too learnedly refine.
The system 's plain if well pursued;—
We must correct our *latitude*.

How many *Questions* have been lost,
By the house meeting in a *frost*?
The opposition flock together,
Like strings of wild geese, in hard weather;
Keen, as the blast that chills their blood,
They nip each ministerial bud:
The tender bloom of *ways and means*,
That *North* with wit and wisdom screens,
Too oft their adverse influence feels,
Shrinks from the storm, and half congeals;
That, ev'n in all his blushing grace,
Bamber scarce thaws them, with—his *face*.

Whence then, in spite of sense and reason,
Do statesmen choose *this* adverse season?
Why not the parliament adjourn,
'Till summer's *genial suns* return?
But ah, what honest squire would stay
To make his *speech*, instead of *hay*?
The *Beaux* wou'd scarcely think of law,
To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa*:

And say ye *sportsmen*, wou'd a member
Attend *St. Stephen's* in September?

Winter, stern pow'r! must still create
The kindred storms of mad debate;
Still, by the climate's magic pow'r,
Must gloomy statesmen droop and lour,
Unless some *Project* we can frame
To sooth its rage, its rigor tame.

A simple plan the Muse explains;
Nor asks a patent for her pains.

In either house, below the chairs,
Where *Bathurst* rules, and *Norton* glares,
There stands a table, where they place
The votes, the journals, and the mace:
"Hence with that bauble!" Cromwell cried;
And wisely too; 'tis useless pride;
Hence with it all! it fills a place.
A nobler ornament shall grace.
Here with capacious bulk, profound
As Falstaff's paunch, as *Plymouth's* round,
A vast *Buzaglo*, day by day,
Shall chase the noxious blasts away,
And spread an artificial glow,
Tho' Palace-yard be wrapt in snow.—
Around the flame, with vestal pride,
A *Fire-Committee* shall preside,

Ballotted by the same directions
As *Grenville's lottery for elections*;
With *Nominees*, to feed the fire,
And make it spread, and blaze the higher;
And *Chairmen* more sedately sage,
To quench its too excessive rage.

The fuel for such deep designs,
Nor springs from groves, nor lurks in mines;
Combustibles for state affairs
The press more speedily prepares;
The teeming press shall hither scatter
Rheams of inflammatory matter;
Here, "thoughts that glow and words that burn,"
To their own element shall turn;
But, shifted from their author's aims,
Shall spread more salutary flames.

Almon, by contract shall provide
The libels *vamp'd* for either side,
And stipulate throughout the season
To furnish proper stock of treason.
How bright will the Buzaglo glow,
While heaps of *Junius* blaze below?
What ardors will *Plain Truth* dispense
Fir'd with a page of *Common Sense*?
Yet in a moment 'twill be slack'd,
By thrusting in *Dean Tucker's tract*;
Again 'twill kindle in a trice,

Refresh'd with scraps of *Dr. Price*;
Now smoulder slow with clumsy smoak,
While *Johnson*'s fogs each passage choak;
Now hiss, and sputter, and besmear
The house with brimstone of *Shebbeare*.

O flattering hope, whose gilded ray,
Too oft bids raptur'd fancy stray!
Thy shadowy forms the muse deceive,
Or time shall bid her *Project* live.
Already, by thy fond presage,
Her blest *Buzaglo* melts the age;
Relenting Party feels its sway;
And Faction's vapors die away.

Behold the busy hour approaches,
When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coaches,
Rattle with senators each street in,
Impatient for the first day's meeting:
Mark well what looks! what anxious hopes!
Some con their metaphors and tropes;
Some, more secure, for fear of flaw,
Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras*;
Whence, if the treacherous memory halts,
The glancing eye repairs its faults.

But, lo! the royal cavalcade!
The trumpet sounds; the signal's made;
The Tower-guns tell the *speech* begun;
They fire again;—the *speech* is done.

Now let the full *Buzaglo* glow!
Spread wide the flame above, below:
Now *Montesquieu*, thy wisdom shines;
Thy system 's true, 'tis heat refines;
Its genial influence all adore;
And opposition is no more.

From bench to bench, in spite of gout,
The soften'd *Chatham* moves about:
" My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d'ye do?
" I like the speech; 'twas penn'd by you.
" America has gone too far;
" We must support so just a war:
" Its better than to put a curb on
" The Spaniard, or the House of Bourbon.
" Good-day, my Lord! I could say more;
" But I must talk to *dear Lord Gower*."
Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne*'s brows;
How graciously to *Bute* he bows!
See *Camden* sitting as a friend by
Mansfield! see *Richmond* close to *Denbigh*;
Ev'n hardy *Devonshire* relents;
He smiles and votes with the *Contents*;
While *Abingdon*, at *Markham*'s nod,
Kisses the *magisterial* rod.

Their leaders gone, it follows duly,
The plastic minds of *Corke* and *Beaulieu*,

With half a score of silent votes,
Obey the times, and change their notes.
And ah, if *Fitzroy*'s whim requires,
Ev'n *Hinchliff*'s eloquence expires!
What wonder then their Lordships press,
Without division, the *Address?*

Now haste my Muse, at Fancy's summons,
To try thy Project on the *Commons.*
A secret sympathy espouses
The upper and the lower houses;
Thus half thy work 's already done;
Where *Chatham* hobbles, *Granby*'ll run.
If *Rockingham* became a *Turk,*
How *Mahomet* wou'd shine on *Burke?*
He'd send him his enlight'ning pigeon:
For party zeal is *Burke*'s religion.

But some there are of firmer frame;
For them must the *Buzaglo* flame:
Grenville's with stubborn sense endued;
Saville but lives for public good.
Yet if ambition, or the weather
Some gloomy discontent should gather,
The temper'd air shall chase offence;
And blend good humor with good sense.
Behold at length ev'n *Barre* soften!
'I rise to oppose,' He murmur'd often:
But finding that, he knows not how,

Reluctant praise his words allow,
The hardy veteran sits him down;
Yet gives the *Treasury Bench* a frown.
Now mark the *Statesmen* of the *City!*
Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil! *Hayley* witty!
Sawbridge, so chang'd the scene appears,
Consents to keep *his* seat seven years;
Ev'n *Bull*, the savage *Bull*, looks tame!
And melts before the conq'ring flame.

Not so the *Luttrells*; in despair
The clamorous band besiege the chair.
"I burn, I burn," old *Irnham* cries:
The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wise;
But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge
Themselves, 'tis breach of privilege;
And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in,
Against this barb'rous stop to talking—
In vain; the House enjoy the effect
And the *Buzaglo* all protect.
But *Fox*, more warily, to gain
His dear delight to speak again,
Most humbly moves, since they approve
This potent wonder-working stove,
Lest some unseen mischance ensue,
They'd have a *Ventilator* too.
Tho' plausible his *Project* fails;
Thine, happy Muse, alone prevails.

The vanquish'd *Charles* to *Almack*'s fled,
The *Speech* is prais'd: the *Address* is read:
The *Question* carried *nemine con*:
The *House* is up: the business done.

EPISTLE XII.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE MIND.

KIND Nature, with a mother's joys
Her every art to charm employs,
For man—the golden King of day
Pours light, health, beauty, in his ray.
The Morn in silver tresses bright,
With milder charms salutes his sight,
And Night her shadowy curtain draws,
Indulging sleep's refreshing pause:
For man the purply finger'd Hours,
Dress beauteous Spring in new-blown flow'rs,
Teach her to breathe a rich perfume,
And smile with eye-enchanting bloom.
Then, ripe in beauty's glowing pride,
Blithe Summer, Sol's refulgent bride,
Bids Plenty revel o'er the plains,
And carol heart enlivening strains.
Next, Autumn calls the sylvan pow'rs,
To lay him soft in shady bow'rs,
Where grape and nectarine, plum and peach,
May tempting hang within his reach!

Last, Winter comes to rule the year
In sweet vicissitude severe.
See him on Zembla's mountains stand,
He stretches out his palsied hand,
And all his magazines unfold
Their copious hoards of ice and cold:
The hail, in vollies rattles round,
The snow descending, shrouds the ground:
Deep bellowing bursts of thunders roll,
And pleasing horror swells the soul,
With still improv'd delight, the mind
Beholds her powers unconfin'd,
She roves with Nature, and explains
What virtues live in secret veins
Of herbs; bids Flora's children rise
In naked beauty to her eyes,
To the soft serenade of gales
Thro' ocean's liquid realms she sails,
Thro' pearly worlds, thro' coral groves,
Where every scaly wonder roves:
With Phoebus, in his chariot driv'n,
She journies thro' the expanse of heav'n;
Now rolling round on Saturn's ring,
Now roving on the comet's wing,
And urging still her airy flight,
She gains those smiling realms of light,
Where sons of bliss, Immortals dwell,
In golden groves of asphodel.
Now conscious of celestial skill,
Her forming pow'r she tries at will,

Her pencil weds assenting dies,
And see a new-born world arise.
Here charms the eye the blossom'd grove,
Where, looking bliss, young Lovers rove;
There serpentine the river glides,
And nibbling flocks adorn its sides,
Soft'ning to flesh the marble lives,
And takes each attitude she gives:
Here nerv'd to strength the Hero stands,
There Orators extend their hands,
The Patriot here, by Freedom's side,
Smiling pours out the vital tide;
Here Beauty charms the gazing eye,
The Loves and Graces waiting by:
Is it the breeze that wakes the Spring,
Or say, does Philomela sing,
And bid the list'ning ear rejoice?
'Tis music tunes her heav'nly voice,
Her voice of sweetest skill to raise
The drooping heart ten thousand ways.
Now heav'n-caught fury fires the soul,
And spurning oft earth's dull control,
Vent'rous she wings her full-plum'd flight,
Detects new regions of delight;
Led by th' enchantress Fancy roves,
The Muses' gay ideal groves,
Where countless beings strike her eye,
Confus'd in glitt'ring novelty:
But what the varied years delight,
Or what the mental ken so bright,

Or what the kind inspiring Muses,
To bliss that genuine love transfuses!
The parent fond impassion'd flow,
The filial duteous grateful glow,
Congenial friendship, heav'nly true,
And pity pressing balmy dew.
The feast of converse, that dispenses
Rapture to fill up all the senses,
Where Reason, Mirth, good Humor sit,
And Beauty sparkles into wit.
Here too, as in the natural scene,
Triumphs the Mind, creative queen,
Here Fancy, with illusion kind,
Indulges ev'ry longing mind,
Brings to the Lover, in despair
His mutually impassion'd Fair,
Adorns the frightful female face
With beauties cull'd from every Grace;
Instructs Ambition's slave to nod,
And bids the reptile soar a God,
Applauds the Bard's prosaic songs,
Gives eloquence to stamm'ring tongues,
Lets Ocean's sons their haven gain,
Unbinds the Captive's galling chain;
To Poverty each joy bestows,
From rich Humantity that flows,
Gives her at once herself to bless,
And charm the Virtues in distress,
Yet still reserves the sapient Mind,
Her darling free-born joy behind,

When with fond eyes she loves to trace
The beauties of her moral race,
And with blithe confidence can say,
She liv'd with Virtue ev'ry day,
That still she urg'd life's great design,
To fit herself for bliss divine;
Then Conscience lends the plausive note,
Thro' ev'ry sense of joy to float,
Strikes music from each vital string,
That envies not when Angels sing;
Dissolv'd in extasy she lies,
And sweetly pre-enjoys the skies.

EPISTLE XIII.

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE AT

PARK-PLACE.

The Seat of the Right Hon.

GENERAL CONWAY,

BY THE REV. MR. POWYS.

THE works of Art let others praise,
Where Pride her waste of wealth betrays,
And Fashion, independent grown,
Usurps her parent Nature's throne,
Lays all her fair dominions waste,
And calls the devastation Taste.
But I—who ne'er, with servile awe,
Give Fashion's whims the force of law,
Scorn all the glitter of expence,
When destitute of use and sense.
More pleas'd to see the wanton rill,
Which trickles from some craggy hill,
Free thro' the valley wind its way,
Than when, immur'd in walls of clay,
It strives in vain its bonds to break,
And stagnates in a crooked lake.

With sighs I see the native oak
Bow to th' inexorable stroke,
Whilst an exotic puny race
Of upstart shrubs usurps its place,
Which, born beneath a milder sky,
Shrink at a wintry blast, and die.
I ne'er behold without a smile
The venerable Gothic pile,
Which in our father's wiser age
Was shelter'd from the tempest's rage,
Stand to the dreary north expos'd,
Within a Chinese fence inclos'd.

For me, each leaden God may reign
In quiet o'er his old domain;
Their claim is good by Poet's laws,
And Poets must support their cause.
But when old Neptune's fish-tail'd train
Of Tritons, haunts an upland plain;
When Dian seems to urge the chace,
In a snug garden's narrow space;
When Mars, with insult rude, invades
The virgin Muses' peaceful shades;
With light'ning arm'd, when angry Jove
Scares the poor tenants of the grove,
I cannot blindly league with those,
Who thus the Poet's creed oppose.
To Nature, in my earliest youth,
I vow'd my constancy and truth;
When in her Hardwicke's much-lov'd shac

Enamour'd of her charms I stray'd:
And as I rov'd the woods among,
Her praise in lisping numbers sung;
Nor will I now resign my heart,
A captive to her rival art.
Far from the pageant scenes of pride,
She still my careless steps shall guide,
Whether by Contemplation led,
The rich romantic wilds I tread,
Where Nature, for her pupil man,
Has sketch'd out many a noble plan;
Or whether from yon wood-crown'd brow,
I view the lovely vale below.
For when, with more than common care,
Nature had sketch'd her landscape there,
Her Conway caught the fair design,
And soften'd ev'ry harsher line;
In pleasing lights each object plac'd,
And heighten'd all the piece with taste.
O Conway! whilst the public voice
Applauds our Sov'reign's well weigh'd choice,
Fain would my patriot Muse proclaim
The Statesman's and the Soldier's fame:
And bind immortal on thy brow
The civic crown and laurel bough.
But tho' unskill'd to join the choir,
Who aptly tune the courtly lyre,
Though with the vassals of thy state,
I never at thy levee wait,

Yet be it oft my happier lot,
To meet thee in this rural cot,
To see thee here thy mind unbend,
And quit the Statesman for the Friend?
Whilst smiles unbought, and void of art,
Spring genuine from the social heart.

Happy the Muse, which here retir'd,
By gratitude like mine inspir'd;
Dupe to no party, loves to pay
To worth like thine, her grateful lay:
And in no venal verse commend,
The Man of Taste, and Nature's friend.

EPISTLE XIV.

WRITTEN FROM

LISBON.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WHILE you, my Friend, from lowring wintery plains,
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonor'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the Sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire
And join the circle round the social fire;
In other clime through sun-bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene, my roaming eyes explore,

Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
'Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders b
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
Beat down of late by Albion when it gored
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe th' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Destined alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes,
The gallant deeds of antient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd

By Isis' hallowed stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted band,
While Lisboa awed with horror saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;
And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires;
Almada Hill to English Memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here!

To ancient English valor sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valor given
What time the Arab Moons from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood
By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains
Where ancient honor wild and ardent reigns.

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowers,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the Ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;

Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.
Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valor still renown'd:
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their Lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland famous in the Croisade Hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white
Climb o'er the steeps, and thro' the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-piled base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.

Here while the Sun from Europe's breast ret
Let Fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,

Pursue the present and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.

Nor you, my Friend, admiring Rome, disdain
Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
While Italy, obscured in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store;
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untraced in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe
Thro' Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They mined the mountain, and explored the field;
'Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Boetis' flood
Were dyed with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lour'd.

Here while the Youth revolves some Hero's fam
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steept in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bathed in Honor's generous tear;
While Freedom's wounds the brave and good reven
Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain
O'er Rome's patrician honor false and vain!

Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallowed fire;
If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Ev'ra's fields let dread Sertorius rise.
Dyed in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs revenged, illustrious let him ride
Enshrined, o'er Spain, in Victory's dazzling ray
'Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting bla
But let the British wanderer thro' the dales
Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails:
There as the hoary villagers relate
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,

Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorious bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife;
As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as stings each Leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious Leader in his turn,
'Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
Alas, full oft some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind Fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!

If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause,
To humanise barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato laid the cities waste,
And Julius here in fairer pride replaced,
'Till ages saw the labors of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
Hers mighty bards, and hers the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debased in false refinement nerveless lay,
The northern hords on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd,
A sordid groupe the Belgian marshes pleased,
And Saxony's wild forests Freedom seized,
There held her juries, poised the legal scales;—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive Lover sought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favor'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
'Till rapt devotion to the Fair, refine
And bend each passion low at Honor's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the Fair with valor fraught;
Soon as Iberia's mountains fixt his home,
He rose a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly color'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender Fair reclines with fondest trust:
With Nature's finest touch exulting glows

The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervor glow'd.
Then high burn'd honor; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assumed the dearest charms.
What for the Fair was dared or suffered, bore
A saint-like merit, and was envied more;
'Till led by love-sick Fancy's dazzled flight,
From Court to Court forth roam'd Adventure's
Knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honor'd scars
Of arduous battles for their country fought,
'Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade,
With batter'd armour deckt, its Knight display'd,
In soothing transport, listening to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
When Knights and Ladies chaste, relieved from thrall,
Hold Love's high holiday in bower and hall.

'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the Muses armed, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's Knight; and sudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,

As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal skies.

But turn we now from Chivalry diseased,
To Chivalry when Honor's wreath she seized
From Wisdom's hand. — From Taurus' rugged steep,
And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den,
Rush'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:
Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on human kind,
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to th' Atlantic wave;
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human Liberty expiring groan'd
When Chivalry arose:—Her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watch'd, and stedfast purpose frown'd
Mixt with Devotion's fire, she darted round,
Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plumed she rush'd; by Honor's dazzling fired,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspired
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Sarazen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.

Let supercilious Wisdom's smiling pride
The passion wild of these bold days deride;
But let the humbler Sage with reverence own
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontrol'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fired at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell;
Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:—
Yes, let the Youth whose generous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
Of eve or morn where low the Moorish tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
Let him with joy behold the hills around
With olive forests, and with vineyards crown'd,
All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the towers
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lowers;
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes debasing human kind?

Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardor, dared the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood;
Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia's plains:
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains
Vain was the hope the North might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove, the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagrez braves
And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So braved, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by Chivalry repell'd,
And such the honors that adorn'd her shield.
And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
And ardent soul of gallant Chivalry,
Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply!

As through the pictured abbey window gleams
The evening Sun with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend shade of ancient days

Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing Fancy as it warms
O'er these, high honor's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the stern ambition and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot Kings call'd forth;
That worth that roused the nations to explore
Old Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.

By human eye untempted, unexplored,
An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
Appears the height untry'd of upper sky;
So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
Involved and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the Sun their eyes
Through gulphs unknown explor'd the morning skies;
And taught the wondering world the grand design
Of parent heaven, that shore to shore should join
In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
And Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

And here, my Friend, how many a trophy woos
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!
Here bids the youthful Traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd shew;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which raised that race of Men, who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,

While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's Naval School its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope evanish from the shore;
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plumed with conquest, proudly bring
The Eastern sceptres to the Lusian King!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.

Broad was the firm-based structure and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:
On justice and benevolence he placed
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies graced
Its mounting turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerk renown'd its generous pride.

The injured native sought its friendly shade,
And India's Princes blest its powerful aid:
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread daemon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valor reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profaned.
Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honor bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base:
Deceitful art the Chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye markt its prey,
Soon through the rocks that crost his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay dishonor'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valor or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermined and rent the mighty pile;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore,
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
Its falling turrets desolation spread;
And from its faithless shade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood;
A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
Oft raised its turrets, and its dread restored.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day

On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallowed rage of game accurst;
Against each spring of action, on the breast
For wisest ends, by Nature's hand imprest,
Stern war they waged; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fired,
Silent from their unhallowed board retired;
The Base and Cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smiled and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their Tyrant Lords they led:
Their av'rice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
Till secret art assumed the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
Closed the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injured native, and the foe
From Belgia lured by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Was ancient Lusian Virtue stain'd and lost:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardor's foes,
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;

Of lofty boastful look and pompous shew,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
Yet wildly sarting from the gaming board
At every distant brandish of the sword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread;—
Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the East no more
Poured their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my Friend, how vain the fairest boast
Of human pride! how soon is Empire lost!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And shall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmoved, and no sad likeness trace!
Ah heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
That mighty scene of Hist'ry's shame and praise.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
From slaughter'd thousands shrieking to the skies,
As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore
Roll'd their dire chariot wheels through streams of gore.
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;

I hear the triumph of a nation's joy,
From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And Independence and the Throne restored!

Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoaking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still shew the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloath'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls are seen
In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
Was trod by Nobles and by Kings before;
How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet Time points forward to a brighter day;
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow and mien of promise high;
Points to the river-shore where wide and grand
The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,

As an Imperial palace to retain
The Universal Queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinished grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial Fate,
The sea-like port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,
Thy Genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wandering childhood sprightly rose;
And when to green and youthful vigor grown
On Tago's breast she fixt her central throne;
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-winged Winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with storms on storms;
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the ventrous and returning sails;

The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various brea
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves carest;
And Afric woos and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expan
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.

When Heaven decreed low to the dust to bri
That lofty oak, Assyria's boastful King,
Deep, said the angel voice, the roots secure
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign,
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their length'ning train
Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promised the returning day
Of Lisboa's honors, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd Age's crime—
Now Heaven-taught Science and her liberal ban
Of Arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant Queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign serene,
Of omen high.—And Camoens' Ghost no more.

Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore;
No more his tears the barbarous Age upbraid:
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy Shade
Beheld th' Ulysses of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
The Hero's brows, he weaves the Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd Chiefs of old renown,
And patriot Heroes, in the Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza: of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwined with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
That long his toil unfinished may remain!

The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my Friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools tost,
Each power to save in counter-action lost,
Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity slow faulters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By Faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspired and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my Friend, that favoring Fate forbodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,

From ancient manners pure, through ages l
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects spr
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again relume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair Frame restore
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no mor

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH,

FROM

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
M. B.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;

Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain

That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side:
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for awhile my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And ev'n in pennance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Caesars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But Man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,

Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing Science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,

For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow.
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd.
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;

Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statues draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And vast Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

END OF
EPISTLES DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

EPISTLE I.

Page 1. Dr. Evans though scarcely known but for some bitter epigrams, was once celebrated at Oxford as a Poet, and is mentioned by Pope, with whom he corresponded, together with Swift and Young. Being admitted of St. John's College, he became fellow and bursar, and was vicar of St. Gyles's in Oxford.

8. ——*the Epidaurian leech.*] Aesculapius.

10. *Her squares of Horticulture——*

By Danby *planted*———] The Physic Garden at Oxford, was the donation of Henry Danvers earl of Danby; who bought for the purpose five acres of ground, surrounded it with a wall which he ornamented with several handsome entrances, and annexed an annual income for its proper cultivation. The institution was further patronized by Dr. Sherard, who on his return from Smyrna, where he had been for some time consul, enriched it with a fine

collection of exotics, added a library of botanical books, and augmented the professor's stipend.

12. *Wainfleet*————] The founder of Magdalen College.

EPISTLE II.

Page 18. The Author of this Epistle was educated at Oxford, for the profession of medicine, but quitted it through a predilection for painting, which he cultivated with attention abroad, and practised for his amusement in private. He had some employment from the crown under the Duke of Buckingham who was attached to him, wrote several lives in the "English School of Painters," translated a Novel from Cervantes, and printed several little poems.—An account of VERRIO may be seen in Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

EPISTLE III.

Page 21. *As on the winding banks of* Yare *I stray.*] The river whence Yarmouth derives its name.

22. *Nor, blest with* Ridley, *want Apollo's aid.*] GLOSTER RIDLEY, L. L. D. of whose poetical talents several specimens will be given.

ibid. ——*ancient Elmham*———][North] Elmham, now a small village, formerly the bishop's see, which is now at Norwich. WALPOLE.

23. *Where* Coke's *remains,* &c.] Tittleshall, a village, in the church of which is the burial-place of the noble family of Coke, and a very fine marble monument of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King James I. and ancestor to the last Earl of Leicester. W.

ibid. ———*Raynham*——] The seat of Lord Viscount Townshend. W.

25. *Laocoon here in pain still seems to breathe,*] The statue of Laocoon in bronze by Girardon. W.

ibid. See! the proud Rabbins, at the sumptuous board,] The picture of Mary Magdalen washing Christ's feet, by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, born at Antwerp, 1577, and died 1640. W.

ibid. *On the next cloth behold* Van Dyck *display*
Celestial innocence, immortal day:
His pencil here no more with nature vies,] The Holy Family, with a dance of Angels, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, a scholar of Rubens, born at Antwerp 1599, and died 1641. W.

These, as Mr. Duncombe remarks, are melancholy mementos, when we reflect that all these noble remains, to us now dead and buried in Russia, are as much lost to the English in general as if they had been carved by Phidias, and painted by Apelles.

26. *Behold! where* Stephen *fainting yields his breath,*] The stoning of St. Stephen, by Eustache Le Sueur, born at Paris 1655, and died 1677. W.

was. The next gay room is known by Ca
The green-velvet drawing-room is call
Maratti room, from being filled with pic
master and his scholars. W.

Carlo Maratti was born at Rome,
scholar of Andrea Sacchi; and died 171

ibid. Look on you Pope, *nor wonder if*
portrait of Clement IX. W.

ibid. Spread sportive Loves and laur
round;] He painted the Judgi
in this room, when he was 83. W.

27. *With summer here the cloth* Bassano
Bassans, father and sons, were very emin
painters about the middle and towards t
sixteenth century. W.

28. *On the sad cloth the world's great M*
Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Parmegi

ibid. Whose life insatiate war itself coul
Francis Mazzuoli, commonly called Par

28. *Now, as* Aeneas *in the Stygian glades*
Wondering beheld departed heroes shades,
Amidst the forms of worthies dead we range,] In the yellow drawing-room are portraits, by Van Dyck, of lord chief baron Wandesford, lord and lady Wharton, their daughters, archbishop Laud, king Charles the first and his queen. The portrait of the earl of Danby now hangs in the great parlour. W.

ibid. The next great form with melancholy eye,] Charles the first. W.

29. *But see where* Kneller *now our eye commands*] Sir Godfrey Kneller. W.

ibid. See mighty William's *fierce determin'd eye,*] King William the third on horseback. W.

ibid. Next in the steady lines of Brunswick's *face,*
Majestic manly honesty we trace;] George the first on horseback. W.

31. *What strokes, what colors,* Snyders *could command!*
How great the power of Rubens' *daring hand!*] The four markets, by Rubens and Snyders. W.

ibid. See! Mola *next the Roman deeds displays,*
That bids our hearts be patriot as we gaze.] The stories of Curtius and Cocles, by Mola, born 1609, died 1665. W.

ibid. Here Julio's *wondrous buildings still appear,*] A piece of architecture, by Julio Romano, born 1492, died 1546. W.

ibid. Great shade of Poussin! *from the Muse receive*] Here are the stories of Scipio's continence, and of

Moses striking the rock, by Nicolo Poussin, born 1594, and died 1665. W.

33. *With scenes too sad* Salvator *strives to please,*] A very capital picture of the prodigal son on his knees at prayers amidst the herd of swine, by Salvator Rosa, born 1614, and died 1673. W.

ibid. Pure beams of light around the Virgin play,] The famous picture, by Guido, of the doctors of the church disputing on the immaculate conception. Guido Reni, born 1575, and died 1642. W.

34. *Thee too,* Lorrain, *the well-pleas'd Muse should name,*] Claud. Gille of Lorrain, born 1600, and died 1682. W.

ibid. Nor e'er forget Domenichini's *fame,*] Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichini, born 1561, and died 1641. W.

ibid. May we like Walpole, *meet the fatal day!*] Catharine Shorter, first wife to Sir Robert Walpole, whose merits are inscribed by her youngest son, the honorable Horace Walpole, on the tomb he erected in Westminster-Abbey, at once a monument of piety and taste.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 35. For a more particular account of these venerable ruins, the Reader is refered to Mr. Gilpin's "Observations on the river Wye," p. 31, &c.

35. *See the ridg'd tide with sober grandeur heave,*
And float in triumph o'er the river-wave.] This manner of the coming-in of the tide to the river Severn is called the Eager, or the Hyger, of the Severn. There is a beautiful allusion to it in bishop Sprat's History of the Royal Society. D.

36. *Here, noble Stafford, thy unfinish'd dome,*] The remains of a noble seat bugun by Stafford Duke of Buckingham. DAVIES.

ibid. And thence the long-stretch'd race of Berkeley come.] Berkeley-castle, the seat of the Earl of Berkeley.

37. *Where Vaga mingles with Sabrina's tide.*] The rivers Wye, and Severn. D.

ibid. Ascending Chepstow shews its castled seat.] Chepstow-castle in Monmouthshire, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 39. Dr. Yalden, or, as Wood styles him, Youlding, was a younger son of John Youlding who had been page to Charles I. when Prince, and after the Restoration, an exciseman at Oxford. Our Auth•r, born in that city, from being originally a chorister of Magdalen, became a demy and probationer fellow. He took the degree of Doctor in Divinity in the year 1708.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 47. The two Ladies here addressed, were the honorable Miss Lowthers, daughters to the late Lord Lonsdale.

ibid. From sulph'rous damps, &c.] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infested with fulminating damps; large quantities of them being frequently collected in those deserted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air: and, in such works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any mischief. But when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

ibid. From bursting streams, &c.] The coal in these mines hath, several times, been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months; until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts where the coal was on fire. By such fires, several collieries have been intirely destroyed; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland; in some of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations.

48. *The Daemons of the mine restrains*, &c.] In order to prevent, as much as possible, the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damps, it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevises in the coal, from whence they issue out; and at those places, to confine them within a narrow space; and from those narrow spaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air; where being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames, as they continually arise out of the earth.

49. *And summons*, &c.] Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged to use great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air; which afford the miners a constant supply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration.

ib. Nor strikes the flint, &c.] It having been observed by Mr. Spedding, who superintends these collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Prospero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel; he invented a machine, in which, while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery sparks are emitted, that af-

ford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their work in close places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

50. *But on You move*, &c.] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by the opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal. Being arrived at the coal, he may suppose himself still to descend, by ways less steep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundest parts of the mine. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelves yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof.

ibid. A triple story, &c.] There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another. The mines wrought in these parallel strata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different stories of a building.

50. *Thick Acherontic rivers*, &c.] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one stream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and so very corrosive, that it quickly consumes iron.

ibid. How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow, &c.] Those who descend into these mines, find them most close and sultry in the middle parts, that are most remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to those pits which are sunk to the deepest parts of the mines; down which pits, large streams of fresh air are made to descend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

51. *Where Earth*, &c.] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plane, but, instead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downwards; one part of the earth seeming to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its ancient situation. In some of these places, the earth may have sunk ten or twenty fathoms, or more; in other places, less than one fathom. These breaks, the miners call Dykes; and when they come at one of them, their first care is to discover whether the strata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working: or, (to use their own terms) whether the coal be cast down, or cast up. If it be cast down,

they sink a pit to it; but if it be cast up to any considerable height, they are often-times obliged, with great labor and expence, as at the place here described, to carry forwards a level or long gallery through the rock, until they again arrive at the stratum of coal.

51. *Whose roofs*, &c.] These colors, with which the free-stone roof of the mines is beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds, seem to proceed from exsudations of salts, ocher, and other earthy substances.

ibid. While pent within the iron womb, &c.] The author hath here taken occasion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does such honor to this nation. He has endeavored to describe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elastic steam, and the great power of the atmosphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and discharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest fire-engines now in use, (the diameter of whose cylinder is seventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. And that as much water may be raised by an engine of this size kept constantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practised in many mines; or as

much as can be borne up on the shoulders of twice that number of men; as is said to be done in some of the mines of Peru.—So great is the power of the air in one of those engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery; which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen strokes; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be discharged from mines that are not above sixty or seventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcastle collieries, or in any of the English collieries, those of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's Lexicon Technicum.—Many great improvements have been made to it since, and are daily making; several of which are related in the Philosophical Transactions. The best account of it, its various improvement and uses, is, I think, in Dr. Desaguliers's course of experimental philosophy, vol. II.

52. *Above your heads*, &c.] The mines are here sunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the miners have not, in any other part of the globe, penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea; the

very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

54. *Your native stream,* &c.] The river Lowther.

55. *On azure roofs,* &c.] The houses of this country are covered with a beautiful blue slate.

ibid. Sweet Keswick's vale, &c.] This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr. Brown in a letter to a friend. "In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

"Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landskip of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves

of oak, happily dispersed; and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached: on these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise around, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.———

"Were I to analyse the two places in their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united; the second of

which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little; nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence; but to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

"So much, for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern side of this immense

amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of coloring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace; when the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea; but in calm weather the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landskip in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for

here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen; and rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that a walk by still moonlight (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these inchanting dales, open such scenes of delicate beauty, repose and solemnity, as exceed all description."

56. *Of dread Lodore*, &c.] A very high cascade here falls into the lake of Derwentwater, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as described above.

57. *Channels by rocky torrents torn*, &c.] For an account of an extraordinary storm in a part of this country, called St. John's vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, see a letter from Cockermouth, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 66. *What time the* May-fly *haunts the pool or stream*;] 'The angler's May-fly, the *ephemera vulgata* of Linnaeus, comes forth from its aurelia state, and emerges out of the water about six

in the evening, and dies about eleven at night, determining the date of its fly state in about five or six hours. They usually begin to appear about the 4th of *June*, and continue in succession near a fortnight. See *Swammerdam, Derham, Scopoli*, &c.'

66. ——*the* vagrant *cuckoo*——] 'So called, because, being tied down by no incubation or attendance about the nutrition of its young, it wanders without control.'

ibid. ——*the clamorous curlew*——] 'Chraradrius oedicnemus.'

67. ——*the shrill cricket*——] 'Gryllus campestris.'

ibid. While high in air, and pois'd upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft enamour'd woodlark sings.] 'In hot summer nights woodlarks soar to a prodigious height and hang singing in the air.'

ibid. ——*the glow-worm lights her* amorous *fire!*] 'The light of the female glow-worm (as she often crawls up the stalk of a grass to make herself more conspicuous) is a signal to the male, which is a slender dusky *scarabaeus*.'

68. *Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.*] 'See the story of *Hero* and *Leander*.'

EPISTLE IX.

Page 75. ——*the mountain's side*] That part of the Wicklow mountains which lies about three miles to the South of Dublin.

81. *Where the proud Gaulties lift their awful brow,*] A range of mountains in the county of Tipperary.

ibid. And thee, dear village! loveliest of the clime,] Tipperary.

82. *Again, methinks I see the service spread,*
The cold provisions on the cakes of bread.]

——Adorea liba per herbam
Subjiciunt epulis, &c. VIR. ÆN. VII. 110.

ibid. The plates themselves—the quarter'd cakes of flour,]

——Malisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris:
Heus? etiam Mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus.
VIR. ÆN. VII. 114.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 92. This epistle was originally preceded by the following DEDICATION to the DEAN.

REVEREND SIR,

I should not take the liberty to recommend a meer Poem to your attention, were it not, in some degree, sanctified by the subject of which it treats; and more particularly entitled to your regard from the great purpose it is designed to promote—For *The Project* relates to Politics; that weighty science, which, according to your candid confession, is at least of equal importance with Religion—And the object it aims at, is the same in regard to all our political disputes, as yours avowedly is upon the one great contest of the

present times—To cut off the distempered bough, was your Project; mine strikes at the very root of all opposition.

It was in consequence of an attentive perusal of your *Tracts*, that I set myself to search for this grand Arcanum.—After ranging in vain through Grotius, Bur amaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, without making the desired discovery—But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils—I need not refresh your memory with the particulars of his system upon the relation between climate and national character—It would, however, be great presumption to arrogate to myself the merit of a discovery, which I owe entirely to that profound Philosopher; it being from him that I have learnt to account for all variations of temper, by the operation of the atmosphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce similar degrees of cowardice or courage—so that it solely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkish slavery, or braced and hardened into English freedom —Upon this foundation My Project is raised—which I submit to your wisdom and candor—but, as most Projectors are of a sanguine temper, and, as I own, I entertain no doubt of the full success of *my* Project, I cannot conclude, without protesting against that *Nolo Episcopari* which accompanied *yours*—Nothing can be more opposite to my sentiments than your total abju-

tation of all possible reward for your political labors —On the contrary, I hereby most solemnly engage to receive with much readiness, all honorable recompences which these my researches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wisdom to bestow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

Reverend Sir,

Your most devoted Disciple,

The AUTHOR.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 108. *When in her* Hardwicke's *much-lov'd shade*] The Seat of P. Powys, Esq. in Oxfordshire.

109. *O* Conway! *whilst the public voice*
Applauds our Sov'reign's well-weigh'd choice,]
General Conway was at this time Secretary of State.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 111. Mr. Mickle was the son of a Scottish clergyman on the confines of England, from whom he received all his Father could give him, a tolerable education. Indigence, however, was not the only impediment to his advancement, for both his appearance and manner were considerably against him; nor was it till late in life, and after he had been slighted by a noble Duke, from whom he might have expected protection, that Governor Johnson befriended him. His first adventure in life was on ship-board, but the indolence of his disposition disqualifying him for the

active service of the sea, he quitted that occupation, and commenced corrector of the press. In the latter capacity he was employed by Mr. Jackson of Oxford, and, till he commenced poet, was much noticed by Mr. Warton. Having derived some pecuniary advantages from his literary productions, he chose for his residence in a sequestered situation near Oxford, whence he occasionally visited the University and London. On the appointment of Mr. Johnson to his command, he took Mr. Mickle with him as Secretary, and afterwards carried him to Lisbon. There, the attention he had bestowed on the Lusiad was acknowledged in the most flattering manner, and the literary honors of that country were liberally conferred upon him. Being now easy in his circumstances, Mr. Mickle indulged his love both of ease and of letters, but his enjoyment was of short duration. He was author of a tract or two in prose of no extraordinary merit, and of several little poems, beside his translation. His best production is *Sir Martyn*, which was at first entitled THE CONCUBINE, and deserves commendation not only for its moral tendency but also its poetic beauty. To the Epistle from Lisbon Mr. Mickle prefixed the advertisement subjoined.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Though no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work meerly fictitious, descriptive, or senti-

mental; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candor the author has already amply experienced.

In the Twelfth Century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the Castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins shew it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both Leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the Castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the

south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the Castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the Author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which it may be allowed, was natural to the Translator of the LUSIAD, and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus, (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the Rock of Cintra to the Castle and City of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean.

113. *Where* Gama *march'd his death-devoted band,*] The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East-Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. "On the next day when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitatants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death." *Introduct. to the Lusiad.*

114. *Proud domes and villages array'd in white*] The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the Sun.

115. *The stream of Lethe,*] The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*; "Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius, Limaeas, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the River of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

116. *Where* Viriatus *proudly trampled o'er*
Fasces and Roman eagles steept in gore;] This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain,

116. *O'er Ev'ra's fields let dread* Sertorius *rise.*] Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

117. *Here jealous* Cato *laid the cities waste,*] According to History, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

ibid. And Julius *here in fairer pride replaced,*] Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

121. *Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits*—] are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the first about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

122. *Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia's plains:*] The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France:

> When Charlemaigne with all his Peerage fell
> By Fontarabia——— MILTON.

ibid. Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks——] The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viseo, resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal opposite to Africa.

124. *Great* Albuquerk *renown'd its generous pride.*] Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the History of Portuguese Asia.

126. *A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,*] Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia; and while they were subject to Spain, the principal

people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

127. *From slaughter'd thousands shrieking to the skies.*] Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez a Taylor. Some time after on the death of Fernando, Andeyro, the Queen's favorite, was stabbed in her presence, the Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherent's became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

128. *I hear the triumph of a nation's joy,*] When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events

in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honor.

128. *Beneath the roofless palace walls are seen*] This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypsies of England.

ibid. The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,] The *Praça de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

130. *That lofty oak, Assyria's boastful King,*] See Daniel, ch. iv.

ibid. Boast the fair opening of a reign serene,] Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in July 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. &c. The Author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honor to be admitted a member.

131. *No more his tears the barbarous Age upbraid:*] Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his Lusiad at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portugese empire in India was falling into ra-

pid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of books V. and VII. of his Lusiad, he severely upbraids the Nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died, neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavoring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

131. *Beheld th' Ulysses of his age return*

To Tago's banks, &c.] This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every Court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of History and Science.

EPISTLE XV.

Page 133. OLIVER, or, as he was commonly called, DOCTOR GOLDSMITH, was the third son of a clergyman in Ireland, and born 1729 at Elphin in the county of Roscommon. Having received his classical instruction at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin; where, though not till two years after the ordinary period, he took the first degree in arts. Turning his thoughts to the study of medicine, he proceeded to Edinburgh for that purpose; but was soon obliged to leave Scotland, through an embarrassment in which his good nature had involved him, and from which he was set free, by his two fellow-students, Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh. Thence, passing over to Holland, he visited Brussels, Strasburgh, and Louvain, and having, in the last university, taken the degree of Bachelor in Physic, he proceeded on to Geneva. The greater part of this tour he travelled on foot, subsisting on such casual hospitalities as fell in his way. His learning was a sufficient passport to most of the religious houses, and the music of his flute to the sheds of the peasants.

During his stay at Geneva, where he engaged himself as Tutor to an attorney's clerk just come to a fortune, he improved his poetic talents, and thence transmitted to his brother the first sketch of his *Tra-*

veller. From Switzerland, he accompanied his pupil to the South of France, where, being unhandsomely discharged, he had fresh difficulties to encounter. Shaping his course towards England, he at length reached the metropolis, possessed only of two-pence. Destitute of every resource he sought employment as a shopman, and at length was employed by a chymist. In this situation he continued, till finding his old friend Dr. Sleigh, he was recommended by him to assist Dr. Milner in his Academy at Peckham. Here, commencing writer, he was engaged by Mr. Griffiths in the Monthly Review; and the better to carry on his literary pursuits, he took lodgings in London. Green-Arbor-Court in the Old Bailey, was the first situation he chose; but on being employed by Newbery in the Ledger, and becoming more known, he moved thence to the Temple. The publication of his *Traveller*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, (in which he pourtrayed himself) and *Good-natured Man*, acquired him considerable reputation; which the *Deserted Village* augmented. His other Comedy was also attended with unexpected success. Indeed such now was his literary fame that he is said to have cleared in one year by his pen no less a sum than 1800*l*. His imprudencies, however, kept pace with his gains, for, having an unfortunate attachment to gaming, he became a constant dupe of the crafty and unprincipled.

Depending still on his pen, he projected a Dictionary of the Sciences, and actually printed the *pro-*

spectus of his plan, but not succeeding as he wished, the scheme was reluctantly dropped.

Having at times been afflicted with the stranguary, and harrassed with various vexations, he fell into a state of despondence. This being followed by a nervous fever, which was improperly treated, he was cut off in the 45th year of his age. As he lived in esteem with some amongst the first characters of the time, he was to have been buried by them in Westminster Abbey, but the design was somehow relinquished, and his body interred in the Temple. A monument, however, in the Abbey, is erected to his memory, with an inscription by Johnson, in latin.

This Epistle was introduced by the following DEDICATION:

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the laborers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the laborers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principle amusement among unpolished nations: but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favor once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favor of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find plea-

sure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

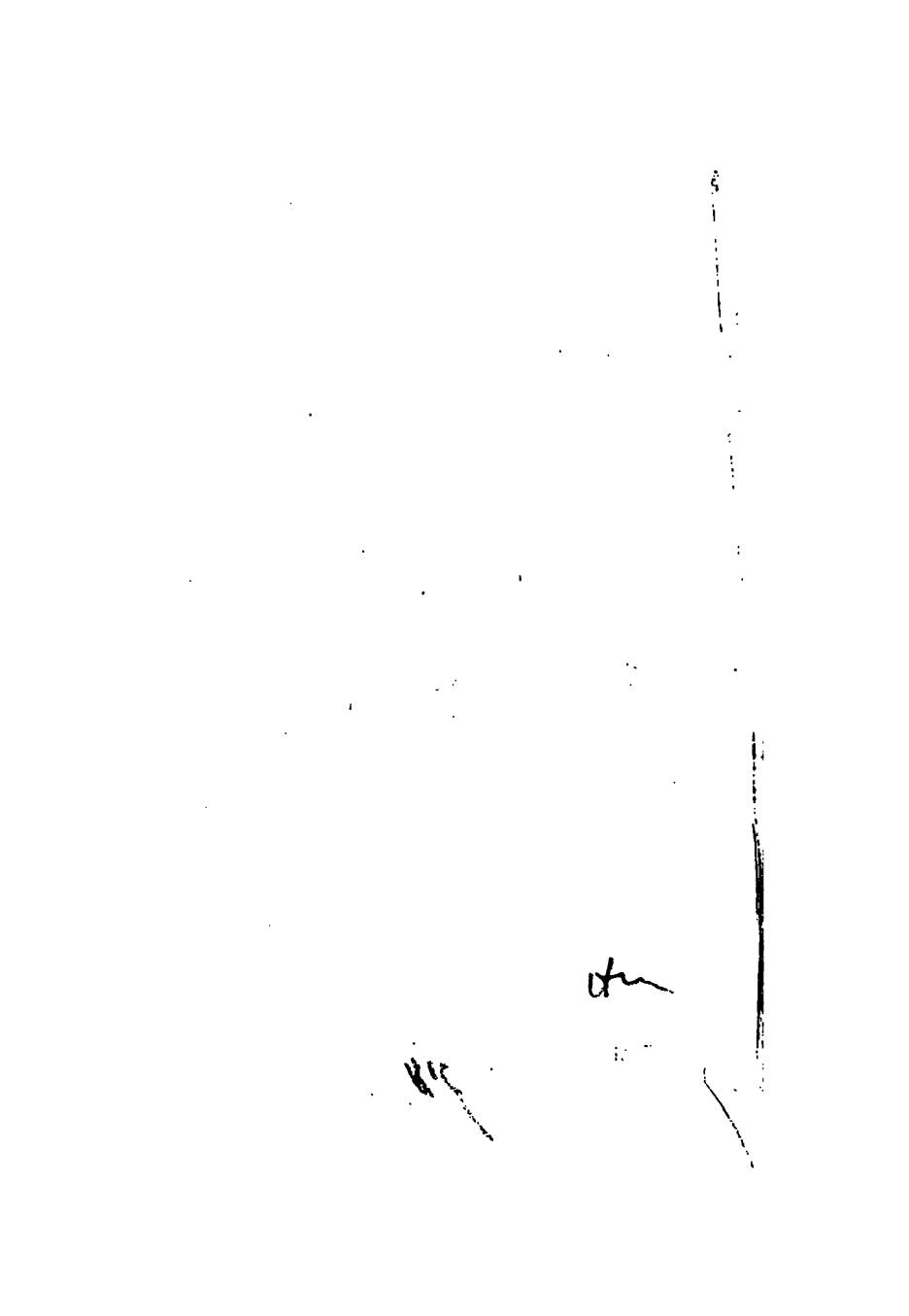
What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE END.



OCT 4 - 1928